

SHOCK CREATURES

The First Classic Horror Magazine in Shocking Color!

...and atmospheric black & white!

Issue Number One



1st Collectable Issue!!!

Limited Printing - 300 copies

The Magazine of Monsters, Mavericks and Madmen!



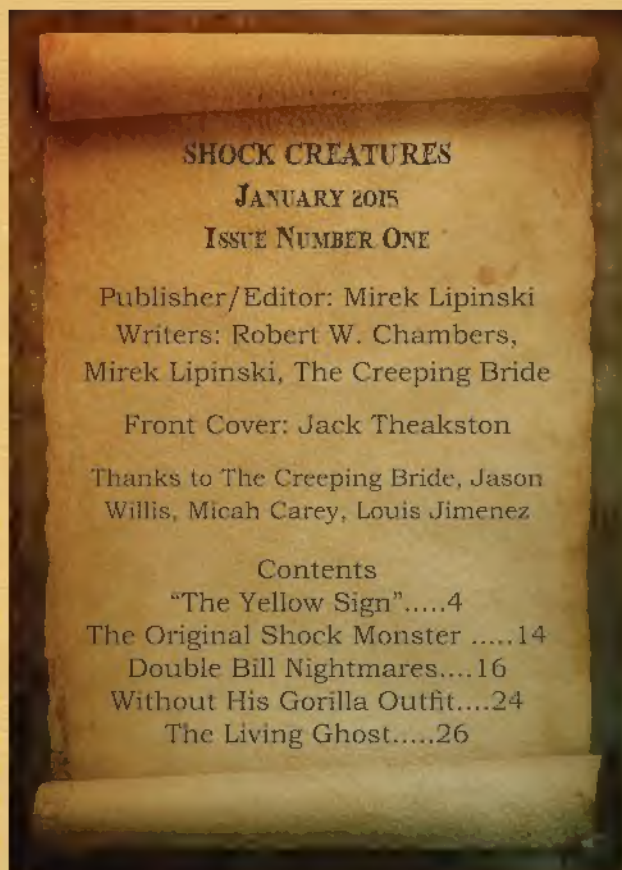
EDITORIAL....

There's an expansive, thrilling world out there. Not looking at what is current, or going forward in musings and predictions, but backward, and retrieving what was lost to make it new again. New but, of course, tintured with the patina of fine age and a more knowledgeable perspective, and a tangible sense of the value and importance of what went before. Under these conditions, with hopes and dreams and even memories (vague or imagined) sustaining the fascination, the past becomes real again. *Shock Creatures* has arrived.

Shock Creatures will center on films and related media that were heralded during the Shock Theater days of the late 1950s and early 1960s or which existed before and may have not been spoken or written about much. The Screen Gems "Shock!" package for television of old horror and mystery films debuted in the fall of 1957, and was instrumental in starting the monster film craze. Remarkably, other influences, independent of each other, showed up at the same time. Film companies like Hammer initiated their own monster phenomenon in 1957 with *The Curse of Frankenstein*, followed by the even more successful *Horror of Dracula* a year later. American International found similar success in 1957 with films like *I was a Teenage Werewolf* and *Blood of Dracula*. Mexico's Golden Age of Horror also jump-started in 1957, with the Abel Salazar production of *El vampiro* starring German Robles. All these horror influences converged to start the Golden Age of Monster Fandom. In early 1958 an upstart magazine, *Famous Monsters*, tapped into the phenomenon and unified youngsters, creating a national club-like atmosphere of comradery and mutual enthusiasm. It was a fascinating, energizing and creative time, in terms of the product released in theaters and watched on TV, but also in the indelible life-long impressions made on the youth of the day. "Monster Kids" were born, initiates into the alluringly fantastic and the tantalizingly mysterious.

How long did this Shock Theater phenomenon last? I've come across Screen Gems stills for Shock Theater dated 1964, so the package was still being sold to television stations in the mid-sixties. Beloved by monster kids TV fare like *The Addams Family* and *The Munsters* began in 1964 and ended in 1966, and, before that, now-recognized classics like *Thriller* and *The Twilight Zone* chilled and thrilled on television with a future rosy in repeats on small local channels. These mid-1960 years seem a good place to consider the Shock phenomenon dis-

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Thanks to The Creeping Bride, Jason
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sipating, though its influences would remain and inspire, with more horror television hosts, chiller programming, and monster magazines piggybacking on the phenomenon for years to come. In these respects, and taking into account the growing fondness for *Shock Theater* times, the phenomenon never truly ended.

Once in a while, *Shock Creatures* will step into discussing a contemporary film if its origin or source inspiration is from the classic era. (Yes, we are very aware of the rebooting of Universal Classic monsters and the rebirth of Hammer, and will offer some opinions on the results, without spending too much time in the discussion.)

Shock Creatures is a print-on-demand publication limited to 300 copies, a unique publishing approach that combines the latest trend in publishing with a collector's market. Despite a human protection in place to cease the sale of *Shock Creatures* beyond 300 copies (if 300 will be achieved—remember we are niche!), it is still possible that more copies can be printed before the protection is brought to bear, but a sincere attempt will be made to stop the sale beyond 300. Should that not happen, we will inform the public of what was the final print run.

Let me now write something about the contents of this issue....

I've never read the work of Robert W. Chambers, though I've wanted to for a while, being that Chambers is considered one of the major American influences on the supernatural tale after Poe. His name and his 1895 book of short stories, *The King in Yellow*, have received a recent boost in attention due to the popularity of HBO's *True Detective* series, which used the Chambers' book for some of its inspiration. After seeing writer and anthologist Joseph S. Pulver Sr. acclaim Chambers on a YouTube interview, I decided to take advantage of my renewed curiosity and read one Chambers story as a start in my Chambers explorations. Pulver's first Chambers read had been "The Yellow Sign," so this was a good place to start, too. I checked out the story as was presented in the September 1943 issue of *Famous Fantastic Mysteries*, illustrated by the great Hannes Bok, and was intrigued and certainly entertained by it. Further research showed that the *Famous Fantastic Mysteries* presentation eliminated all references to the nudity of the model used by narrator-artist for his painting. *Shock Creatures* presents the unexpurgated version.

A regular feature of *Shock Creatures* will be "Double Bill Nightmares"—reflecting the double feature combinations of horror and mystery films that were increasing popular pre-*Shock Theater* times and even more popular later on. I didn't plan it this way, but the two films under review—*The Ape Man* and *London Blackout Murders*—had theatrical release dates of 1943, the same year *Famous Fantastic Mysteries* presented Chambers' "The Yellow Sign."

One should not forget that while horror films were playing in theaters, other media also delved, even richly, into the genre—pulp, comics, radio. "The Living Ghost" (Malevo) was a skull-faced undead character who seemed poised to start a new horror series in the premier 1948 issue of the horror comic *Adventures into the Unknown*, but his gruesome adventures were discontinued after a sequel in the next issue probably because the character was too frightening for youngsters. You be the judge! Incidentally, "The Living Ghost" was the work of artist Fred Guardineer (1913-2002) and renowned supernatural story teller and Lovecraft pal, Frank Belknap Long (1901-1994).

Other features of *Shock Creatures* (stay tuned!) will include reviews of film books and classic films, and ancillary material devoted to classic monster films, such as spook shows, model kits and paper ephemera. A regular feature will be the writing of "The Creeping Bride" on the Shock phenomenon.

I never knew the identity of "The Creeping Bride." She (I assumed this person was a female) had given me a first name upon request—"Dee"—but I suspected it may have not been her real name. In late 2010 Creeping Bride had contacted me, asking if she could add content to my then-active Shock Theater blog. The Creeping Bride's work surprised me in the depth of its research, fine writing style and unforced intelligence. Her pieces quickly took over the blog, a situation I was glad for, as I had little time to meet the demands of the blog or to research the Shock phenomenon as I would have liked. The only downside was that she didn't have much fondness for Lon Chaney, Jr., but I would be there to balance that opinion, as I love Chaney Junior's presence in any film. (Can't this swell guy ever get a break!) Just as suddenly as The Creeping Bride appeared on the blog, she disappeared a few months later, leaving behind in the private section of the blog bits and pieces of future content she was working on, which will eventually be published in

Shock Creatures. When I heard nothing from The Creeping Bride, and no responses arrived to my messages sent to her email, I tried to find out as much as I could about this mysterious personage. I knew she had been a poster at the Classic Horror Film Board, and found her Creeping Bride persona in a couple of other cyber areas, but there was never any confirmed identity to illuminate the mystery. A geographic trail was uncovered, slightly, when I found that she had hosted a couple of film showings at the University of Wisconsin. Her on-line posting activity as "The Creeping Bride" had completely ceased at the same time her updates

to the Shock blog ceased. Naturally, when a person disappears like that, one suspects the worse; that, to use a Forrest Ackerman expression, Prince Sirki has taken the individual into another world. But nothing is certain. Sometimes people move on, without a clue to their whereabouts, and one never hears from them again.

This premier issue of *Shock Creatures* is then dedicated to The Creeping Bride, wherever, whoever she may be.

— Mirek Lipinski, Editor & Publisher



Why do certain cords of music evoke certain weird and unknown scenes?

THE YELLOW SIGN

By Robert W. Chambers
Illustrated by Hannes Bok

*Let the red dawn surmise
What we shall do,
When this blue starlight dies
And all is through.*

— Bliss Carmen "Songs of the Sea Children" 1904

There are so many things which are impossible to explain! Why should certain chords in music make me think of the brown and golden tints of autumn foliage? Why should the Mass of Sainte Cecile send my thoughts wandering among caverns whose walls blaze with ragged masses of virgin silver? What was it in the roar and turmoil of Broadway at six o'clock that flashed before my eyes the picture of a still Breton forest where sunlight filtered through spring foliage and Sylvia bent, half curiously, half tenderly, over a small green lizard, murmuring: "To think that this is also a little ward of God!"

When I first saw the watchman his back was toward me. I looked at him indifferently until he went into the church. I paid no more attention to him than I had to any other man who lounged through Washington Square that morning, and when I shut my window and turned back into my studio I had forgotten him. Late in the afternoon, the day being warm, I raised the window again and leaned out to get a sniff of the air. A man was standing in the courtyard of the church, and I noticed him again with as little interest as I had that morning. I looked across the square to where the fountain was playing and then, with my mind filled with vague impressions of trees, asphalt drives, and the moving groups of nursemaids and holidaymakers, I started to walk back to my easel. As I turned, my listless glance included the man below in the churchyard. His face was toward me now, and with a perfectly involuntary movement I bent to see it. At the same moment he raised his head and looked at me. Instantly I thought of a coffin-worm. Whatever it was about the man that repelled me I did not know, but the impression of a plump white grave-worm was so intense and nauseating that I must have shown it in my expression, for he turned his puffy face away with a movement which made me think of a disturbed grub in a chestnut.

I went back to my easel and motioned the model to resume her pose. After working awhile I was satisfied that I was spoiling what I had done as rapidly as possible, and I took up a palette knife and scraped the color out again. The flesh tones were sallow and unhealthy, and I did not understand how I could have painted such sickly color into a study which before that had glowed with healthy tones.

I looked at Tessie. She had not changed, and the clear flush of health dyed her neck and cheeks as I frowned.

"Is it something I've done?" she said.

"No — I've made a mess of this arm, and for the life of me I can't see how I came to paint such mud as that into the canvas," I replied.

"Don't I pose well?" she insisted.

"Of course, perfectly."

"Then it's not my fault?"

"No. It's my own."

"I'm very sorry," she said.

I told her she could rest while I applied rag and turpentine to the plague spot on my canvas, and she went off to smoke a cigarette and look over the illustrations in the *Courier Français*.

I did not know whether it was something in the turpentine or a defect in the canvas, but the more I scrubbed the more that gangrene seemed to spread. I worked like a beaver to get it out, and yet the disease appeared to creep from limb to limb of the study before me. Alarmed I strove to arrest it, but now the color on the breast changed and the whole figure seemed to absorb the infection as a sponge soaks up water. Vigorously I plied palette knife, turpentine, and scraper, thinking all the time what a seance I should hold with Duval who had sold me the canvas; but soon I noticed that it was not the canvas which was defective nor yet the colors of Edward. "It must be the turpentine," I thought angrily, "or else my eyes have become so blurred and confused by the afternoon light that I can't see straight." I called Tessie, the model. She came and leaned over my chair blowing rings of smoke into the air.

"What have you been doing to it?" she exclaimed.

"Nothing," I growled, "it must be this turpentine!"

"What a horrible color it is now," she continued. "Do you think my flesh resembles green cheese?"

"No, I don't," I said angrily, "did you ever know me to paint like that before?"

"No, indeed!"

"Well, then!"

"It must be the turpentine, or something," she admitted.

She slipped on a Japanese robe and walked to the window. I scraped and rubbed until I was tired and finally picked up my brushes and hurled them through the canvas with a forcible expression, the tone alone of which reached Tessie's ears.

Nevertheless she promptly began: "That's it! Swear and act silly and ruin your brushes! You have been three weeks on that study, and now look! What's the good of ripping the canvas? What creatures artists are!"

I felt about as much ashamed as I usually did after such an outbreak, and I turned the ruined canvas to the wall. Tessie helped me clean my brushes, and then danced away to dress. From the screen she regaled me with bits of advice concerning whole or partial loss of temper, until, thinking, perhaps, I had been tormented sufficiently, she came out to implore me to button her waist where she could not reach it on the shoulder.

"Everything went wrong from the time you came back from the window and talked about that horrid-look-

ing man you saw in the churchyard," she announced.

"Yes, he probably bewitched the picture," I said, yawning. I looked at my watch.

"It's after six, I know," said Tessie, adjusting her hat before the mirror.

"Yes," I replied, "I didn't mean to keep you so long." I leaned out the window but recoiled with disgust, for the young man with the pasty face stood below in the churchyard. Tessie saw my gesture of disapproval and leaned from the window.

"Is that the man you don't like?" she whispered.

I nodded.

"I can't see his face, but he does look fat and soft. Someway or other," she continued, looking at me, "he reminds me of a dream, — and awful dream I once had. Or," she mused looking down at her shapely shoes, "was it a dream after all?"

"How should I know?" I smiled.

Tessie smiled in reply.

"You were in it," she said, "so perhaps you might know something about it."

"Tessie! Tessie!" I protested, "don't you dare flatter by saying you dream about me!"

"But I did," she insisted; "shall I tell you about it?"

"Go ahead," I replied, lighting a cigarette.

Tessie leaned back on the open window-sill and began very seriously.

"One night last winter I was lying in bed thinking about nothing at all in particular. I had been posing for you and I was tired out, yet it seemed impossible for me to sleep. I heard the bells in the city ring ten, eleven, and midnight. I must have fallen asleep about midnight because I don't remember hearing the bells after that. It seemed to me that I had scarcely closed my eyes when I dreamed that something impelled me to go to the window. I rose, and raising the sash, leaned out. Twenty-fifth Street was deserted as far as I could see. I began to be afraid; everything outside seemed so — so black and uncomfortable. Then the sound of wheels in the distance came to my ears, and it seemed to me as though that was what I must wait for. Very slowly the wheels approached, and, finally, I could make out a vehicle moving along the street. It came nearer and nearer, and when it passed beneath my window I saw it was a hearse. Then, as I trembled with fear, the driver turned and looked straight at me. When I awoke I was standing by the open window shivering with cold, but the black-plumed hearse and the driver were gone. I dreamed this dream again in March last, and again, awoke beside the open window. Last night the dream came again. You remember how it was raining; when I awoke, standing at the open window, my nightdress

was soaked."

"But where did I come into the dream?" I asked.

"You — you were in the coffin; but you were not dead."

"In the coffin?"

"Yes."

"How did you know? Could you see me?"

"No; I only knew you were there."

"Had you been eating Welsh rarebits, or lobster salad?" I began laughing, but the girl interrupted me with a frightened cry.

"Hello! What's up?" I said, as she shrank into the embrasure by the window.

"The — the man below in the churchyard; — he drove the hearse."

"Nonsense," I said, but Tessie's eyes were wide with terror. I went to the window and looked out. The man was gone. "Come, Tessie," I urged, "don't be foolish. You have posed too long; you are nervous."

"Do you think I could forget that face?" she murmured. "Three times I saw that hearse pass below my window, and every time the driver turned and looked up at me. Oh, his face was so white and — and soft? It looked dead — it looked as if it had been dead a long time."

I induced the girl to sit down and swallow a glass of Marsala. Then I sat down beside her and tried to give her some advice.

"Look here, Tessie," I said, "you go to the country for a week or two, and you'll have no more dreams about hearses. You pose all day, and when night comes your nerves are upset. You can't keep this up. Then again, instead of going to bed when your day's work is done, you run off to picnics at Sulzer's Park, or go to the Eldorado or Coney Island, and when you come down here in the morning you are fagged out. There was no real hearse. That was a soft-shell crab dream."

She smiled faintly.

"What about the man in the churchyard?"

"Oh, he's an ordinary unhealthy, everyday creature."

"As true as my name is Tessie Reardon, I swear to you, Mr. Scott, that the face of the man below in the churchyard is the face of the man who drove the hearse!"

"What of it?" I said. "It's an honest trade."

"Then you think I did see a hearse?"

"Oh," I said diplomatically, "if you really did, it might not be unlikely that the man below drove it. There is nothing in that."

Tessie rose, unrolled her scented handkerchief, and taking a bit of gum from a knot in the hem, placed it in her mouth. Then drawing on her gloves she offered

me her hand, with a frank, "Good-night, Mr. Scott," and walked out.

II

The next morning, Thomas, the bellboy, brought me the *Herald* and a bit of news. The church next door had been sold. I thanked Heaven for it, not that being a Catholic I had any repugnance for the congregation next door, but because my nerves were shattered by a blatant exhorter, whose every word echoed through the aisle of the church as if it had been my own rooms, and who insisted on his r's with a nasal persistence which revolted my every instinct. Then, too, there as a fiend in human shape, an organist, who reeled off some of the grand old hymns with an interpretation of his own, and I longed for the blood of a creature who could play the doxology with an amendment of minor chords which one hears only in a quartet of very young undergraduates. I believe the minister was a good man, but when he bellowed: "And the Lorrerd said unto Moses, the Lorrerd is a man of war; the Lorrerd is his name. My wrath shall wax hot and I will kill you with the sworrerd!" I wondered how many centuries of purgatory it would take to atone for such a sin.

"Who bought the property?" I asked Thomas.

"Nobody that I knows, sir. They do say the gent wot owns this 'ere 'Amilton flats was lookin' at it. 'E might be a bildin' more studios."

I walked to the window. The young man with the unhealthy face stood by the churchyard gate, and at the mere sight of him the same overwhelming repugnance took possession of me.

"By the way, Thomas," I said, "who is that fellow down there?"

Thomas sniffed. "That there worm, sir? 'E's night-watchman of the church, sir. 'E maikes me tired a-sittin' out all night on them steps and lookin' at you insultin' like. I'd a punched 'is 'ed, sir — beg pardon sir —"

"Go on, Thomas."

"One night a comin' 'ome with 'Arry, the other English boy, I sees 'im a sittin' there on them steps. We 'ad Molly and Jen with us, sir, the two girls on the tray service, an' 'e looks so insultin' at us that I up and sez: 'Wat you looking hat, you fat slug?' — beg pardon, sir, but that's 'ow I sez, sir. Then 'e don't say nothin' and I sez; 'Come out and I'll punch that puddin' 'ed.' Then I hopens the gate an' goes in, but 'e don't say nothin', only looks insultin' like. Then I 'its 'im one, but ugh! 'is 'ed was that cold and mushy it ud sicken you to touch 'im."

"What did he do then?" I asked, curiously.

"'Im? Nawthin."

"And you, Thomas?"

The young fellow flushed in embarrassment and smiled uneasily.

"Mr. Scott, sir, I ain't no coward an' I can't make it out at all why I run. I was with the 5th Lawncers, sir, bugler at Tel-el-Kebir, an' was shot by the wells."

"You don't mean to say you ran away?"

"Yes, sir; I run."

"Why?"

"That's just what I want to know, sir. I grabbed Molly an' run, an' the rest of us just as frightened as I."

"But what were they frightened at?"

Thomas refused to answer for a while, but now my curiosity was aroused about the repulsive young man below and I pressed him. Three years' sojourn in America had not only modified Thomas' cockney dialect but had given him the American's fear of ridicule.

"You won't believe me, Mr. Scott, sir?"

"Yes, I will."

"You will lawf at me, sir?"

"Nonsense!"

He hesitated. "Well, sir, it's God's truth that when I 'it 'im 'e grabbed me wrists, sir, and when I twisted 'is soft, mushy fist one of 'is fingers come off in me 'and."

The utter loathing and horror of Thomas' face must have been reflected in my own for he added:

"It's orful, an' now when I see 'im I just go away. 'E maikes me hill."

When Thomas had gone I went to the window. The man stood beside the church-railing with both hands on the gate, but I hastily retreated to my easel again, sickened and horrified, for I saw that the middle finger of his right hand was missing.

At nine o'clock Tessie appeared and vanished behind the screen with a merry "Good-morning, Mr. Scott." While she had reappeared and taken her pose upon the model-stand I started a new canvas much to her delight. She remained silent as long as I was on the drawing, but as soon as the scrape of the charcoal ceased and I took up my fixative she began to chatter.

"Oh, I had such a lovely time last night. We went to Tony Pastor's."

"Who are 'we'?" I demanded.

"Oh, Maggie, you know, Mr. Whyte's model, and Pinkie McCormick -- we call her Pinkie because she's got that beautiful red hair you artists like so much -- and Lizzie Burke."

I sent a shower of fixative over the canvas and said: "Well, go on."

"We saw Kelly and Baby Barnes the skirt-dancer and -- and all the rest. I made a mash."

"Then you have gone back on me, Tessie?"

She laughed and shook her head.

"He's Lizzie Burke's brother, Ed. He's a perfect gen'l'man."

I felt constrained to give her some parental advice concerning mashing, which she took with a bright smile.

"Oh, I can take care of a strange mash," she said, examining her chewing gum, "but Ed is different. Lizzie is my best friend."

Then she related how Ed had come back from the stocking mill in Lowell, Massachusetts, to find her and Lizzie grown up, and what an accomplished young man he was, and how he thought nothing of squandering half a dollar for ice-cream and oysters to celebrate his entry as clerk into the woolen department of Macy's. Before she finished I began to paint, and she resumed the pose, smiling and chattering like a sparrow. By noon I had the study fairly well rubbed in and Tessie came to look at it.

"That's better," she said.

I thought so too, and ate my lunch with a satisfied feeling that all was going well. Tessie spread her lunch on a drawing table opposite me and we drank our claret from the same bottle and lighted our cigarettes from the same match. I was very much attached to Tessie. I had watched her shoot up into a slender but exquisitely formed woman from a frail, awkward child. She had posed for me during the last three years, and among all my models she was my favorite. It would have troubled me very much indeed had she become "tough" or "fly," as the phrase goes, but I had never noticed any deterioration of her manner, and felt at heart that she was all right. She and I never discussed morals at all, and I had no intention of doing so, partly because I had none myself, and partly because I knew she would do what she liked in spite of me. Still I did hope she would steer clear of complications, because I wished her well, and then also I had a selfish desire to retain the best model I had. I knew that mashing, as she termed it, had no significance with girls like Tessie, and that such things in America did not resemble in the least the same things in Paris. Yet, having lived with my eyes open, I also knew that somebody would take Tessie away some day in one manner or another, and though I professed to myself that marriage was nonsense, I sincerely hoped that, in this case, there would be a priest at the end of the vista. I am a Catholic. When I listen to high mass, when I sign myself, I feel that everything, including myself, is more cheerful, and when I confess,

it does me good. A man who lives as much alone as I do, must confess to somebody. Then, again, Sylvia was Catholic, and it was reason enough for me. But I was speaking of Tessie, which is very different. Tessie also was Catholic and much more devout than I, so, taking it all in all, I had little fear for my pretty model until she should fall in love. But *then* I knew that fate alone would decide her future for her, and I prayed inwardly that fate would keep her away from men like me and throw into her path nothing but Ed Burkes and Jimmy McCormicks, bless her sweet face!

Tessie sat blowing smoke up to the ceiling and tinkling the ice in her tumbler.

"Do you know, Kid, that I also had a dream last night?" I observed. I sometimes called her "the Kid."

"Not about that man," she laughed.

"Exactly. A dream similar to yours, only much worse."

It was foolish and thoughtless of me to say this, but you know how little tact the average painter has.

"I must have fallen asleep about 10 o'clock," I continued, "and after a while I dreamt that I awoke. So plainly did I hear the midnight bells, the wind in the tree-branches, and the whistle of steamers from the bay, that even now I can scarcely believe that I was not awake. I seemed to be lying in a box which had a glass cover. Dimly I saw the street lamps as I passed, for I must tell you, Tessie, the box in which I reclined appeared to lie in a cushioned wagon which jolted me over a stony pavement. After a while I became impatient and tried to move but the box was too narrow. My hands were crossed on my breast so I could not raise them to help myself. I listened and then tried to call. My voice was gone. I could hear the trample of the horses attached to the wagon and even the breathing of the driver. Then another sound broke upon my ears like the raising of a window sash. I managed to turn my head a little, and found I could look, not only through the glass cover of my box, but, also through the glass panes in the side of the covered vehicle. I saw houses, empty and silent, with neither light nor life about any of them excepting one. In that house a window was open on the first floor and a figure all in white stood looking down into the street. It was you."

Tessie had turned her face away from me and leaned on the table with her elbow.

"I could see your face," I resumed, "and it seemed to me to be very sorrowful. Then we passed on and turned into a narrow black lane. Presently the horses stopped. I waited and waited, closing my eyes with

fear and impatience, but all was silent as the grave. After what seemed to me hours, I began to feel uncomfortable. A sense that somebody was close to me made me uncloze my eyes. Then I saw the white face of the hearse-driver looking at me through the coffin-lid —

A sob from Tessie interrupted me. She was trembling like a leaf. I saw I had made an ass of myself and attempted to repair the damage.

"Why, Tess," I said, "I only told you this to show you what influence your story might have on another person's dreams. You don't suppose I really lay in a coffin, do you? What are you trembling for? Don't you see that your dream and my unreasonable dislike for that inoffensive watchman of the church simply set my brain working as soon as I fell asleep?"

She laid her head between her arms and sobbed as if her heart would break. What a precious triple donkey I had made of myself! But I was about to break my record. I went over and put my arm about her.

"Tessie, dear, forgive me," I said; "I had no business to frighten you with such nonsense. You are too sensible a girl, too good a Catholic to believe in dreams."

Her hand tightened on mine and her head fell back upon my shoulder, but she still trembled and I petted her and comforted her.

"Come, Tess, open your eyes and smile."

Her eyes opened with a slow languid movement and met mine, but their expression was so queer that I hastened to reassure her again.

"It's all humbug, Tessie, you surely are not afraid that any harm will come to you because of that."

"No," she said, but her scarlet lips quivered.

"Then what's the matter? Are you afraid?"

"Yes. Not for myself."

"For me, then?" I demanded gaily.

"For you," she murmured in a voice almost inaudible, "I — I care for you."

At first I started to laugh, but when I understood her, a shock passed through me and I sat like one turned to stone. This was the crowning bit of idiocy I had committed. During the moment which elapsed between her reply and my answer I thought of a thousand responses to that innocent confession. I could pass it by with a laugh, I could misunderstand her and reassure her as to my health, I could simply point out that it was impossible she could love me. But my reply was quicker than my thoughts and I might think and think now when it was too late, for I had kissed her on the mouth.

That evening I took my usual walk in Washington Park, pondering over the occurrences of the day. I was thoroughly committed. There was no back out now,

and I stared the future straight in the face. I was not good, not even scrupulous, but I had no idea of deceiving either myself or Tessie. The one passion of my life lay buried in the sunlit forests of Brittany. Was it buried forever? Hope cried "No!" For three years I had been listening to the voice of Hope, and for three years I had waited for a footstep on my threshold. Had Sylvia forgotten? "No!" cried Hope.

I said that I was not good. That is true, but still I was not exactly a comic opera villain. I had led an easy-going reckless life, taking what invited me, of pleasure, deploring and sometimes bitterly regretting consequences. In one thing alone, except my painting, I was serious, and that was something which lay hidden if not lost in the Breton forests.

It was too late now for me to regret what had occurred during the day. Whatever it had been, pity, a sudden tenderness for sorrow, of the more brutal instinct of gratified vanity, it was all the same now, and unless I wished to bruise an innocent heart my path lay marked before me. The fire and strength, the depth of passion of a love which I had never even suspected, with all my imagined experience in the world, left me no alternative but to respond or send her away. Whether because I am so cowardly about giving pain to others, or whether it was that I have little of the gloomy Puritan in me, I do not know, but I shrank from disclaiming responsibility for that thoughtless kiss, and in fact had no time to do so before the gates of her heart opened and the flood poured forth. Others who habitually do their duty and find a sullen satisfaction in making themselves and everybody else unhappy, might have withstood it. I did not. I dared not. After the storm had abated I did tell her that she might better have loved Ed Burke and worn a plain gold ring, but she would not hear of it, and I thought perhaps that as long as she had decided to love somebody she could not marry, it had better be me. I, at least, could treat her with an intelligent affection, and whenever she became tired of her infatuation she could go none the worse for it. For I was decided on that point although I knew how hard it would be. I remembered the usual termination of Platonic liaisons and thought how disgusted I had been whenever I heard of one. I knew I was undertaking a great deal for so unscrupulous a man as I was, and I dreaded the future, but never for one moment did I doubt that she was safe with me. Had it been anybody but Tessie I should not have bothered my head about scruples. For it did not occur to me to sacrifice Tessie as I would have sacrificed a woman of the world. I looked the future squarely in the face and saw the several probable endings to the affair. She

would either tire of the whole thing, or become so unhappy that I should have either to marry her or go away. If I married her we would be unhappy. I with a wife unsuited to me, and she with a husband unsuitable for any woman. For my past life could scarcely entitle me to marry. If I went away she might either fall ill, recover, and marry some Eddie Burke, or she might recklessly or deliberately go and do something foolish. On the other hand if she tired of me, then her whole life would be before her with beautiful vistas of Eddie Burkes and marriage rings and twins and Harlem flats and Heaven knows what. As I strolled along through the trees by Washington Arch, I decided that she should find a substantial friend in me anyway and the future could take care of itself. Then I went into the house and put on my evening dress for the little faintly perfumed note on my dresser said, "Have a cab at the stage door at eleven," and the note was signed "Edith Carmichael, Metropolitan Theater, June 19th, 1897."

I took supper that night, or rather we took supper, Miss Carmichael and I, at Solari's and the dawn was just beginning to gild the cross on the Memorial Church as I entered Washington Square after leaving Edith at the Brunswick. There was not a soul in the park as I passed among the trees and took the walk which leads from the Garibaldi statue to the Hamilton Apartment House, but as I passed the churchyard I saw a figure sitting on the stone steps. In spite of myself a chill crept over me at the sight of the white puffy face, and I hastened to pass. Then he said something which might have been addressed to me or might merely have been a mutter to himself, but a sudden furious anger flamed up within me that such a creature should address me. For an instant I felt like wheeling about and smashing my stick over his head, but I walked on, and entering the Hamilton went to my apartment. For some time I tossed about the bed trying to get the sound of his voice out of my ears, but could not. It filled my head, that muttering sound, like thick oily smoke from a fat-rendering vat or an odor of noisome decay. And as I lay and tossed about, the voice in my ears seemed more distinct, and I began to understand the words he had muttered. They came to me slowly as if I had forgotten them, and at last I could make some sense out of the sounds. It was this:

"Have you found the Yellow Sign?"

"Have you found the Yellow Sign?"

"Have you found the Yellow Sign?"

I was furious. What did he mean by that? Then

with a curse upon him and his I rolled over and went to sleep, but when I awoke later I looked pale and haggard, for I had dreamed the dream of the night before and it troubled me more than I cared to think.

I dressed and went down into my studio. Tessie sat by the window, but as I came in she rose and put both arms around my neck for an innocent kiss. She looked so sweet and dainty that I kissed her again and then sat down before the easel.

"Hello! Where's the study I began yesterday?" I asked.

Tessie looked conscious, but did not answer. I began to hunt among the piles of canvases, saying, "Hurry up, Tess, and get ready; we must take advantage of the morning light."

When at last I gave up the search among the other canvases and turned to look around the room for the missing study I noticed Tessie standing by the screen with her clothing still on.

"What's the matter," I asked, "don't you feel well?"

"Yes."

"Then hurry."

"Do you want me to pose as — as I have always posed?"

Then I understood. Here was a new complication. I had lost, of course, the best nude model I had ever seen. I looked at Tessie. Her face was scarlet. Alas! Alas! We had eaten of the tree of knowledge, and Eden and native innocence were dreams of the past — I mean — for her.

I suppose she noticed the disappointment on my face, for she said: "I will pose if you wish. The study is behind the screen here where I put it."

"No," I said, "we will begin something new"; and I went to my wardrobe and picked out a Moorish costume which fairly blazed with tinsel. It was a genuine costume, and Tessie retired to the screen with it enchanted. When she came forth again I was astonished. Her long black hair was bound above her forehead with a circlet of turquoises, and the ends curled about her glittering girdle. Her feet were encased in the embroidered pointed slippers and the skirt of her costume, curiously wrought with arabesques in silver, fell to her ankles. The deep metallic blue vest embroidered with silver and the short Mauresque jacket spangled and sewn with turquoises became her wonderfully. She came up to me and held up her face smiling. I slipped my hand into my pocket and drawing out a gold chain with a cross attached, dropped it over her head

"It's yours, Tessie."

"Mine?" she faltered

"Yours. Now go and pose." Then with a radiant smile she ran behind the screen and presently reappeared, with a little box on which was written my name.

"I had intended to give it to you when I went home tonight," she said, "but I can't wait now."

I opened the box. On the pink cotton inside lay a clasp of black onyx, on which was inlaid a curious symbol or letter in gold. It was neither Arabic nor Chinese, nor as I found afterwards did it belong to any human script.

"It's all I had to give you for a keepsake," she said, timidly.

I was annoyed, but I told her how much I should prize it, and promised to wear it always. She fastened it on my coat beneath the lapel.

"How foolish, Tess, to go and buy me such a beautiful thing as this," I said.

"I did not buy it," she laughed.

"Where did you get it?"

Then she told me how she had found it one day while coming from the Aquarium in the Battery, how she had advertised it and watched the papers, but at last gave up all hopes of finding the owner.

"That was last winter," she said, "the very day I had the first horrid dream about the hearse."

I remembered my dream of the previous night

but said nothing, and presently my charcoal was flying over a new canvas, and Tessie stood motionless on the model-stand.

III

The day following was a disastrous one for me. While moving a framed canvas from one easel to another

my foot slipped on the polished floor and I fell heavily on both wrists. They were so badly sprained that it was useless to attempt to hold a brush, and I was obliged to wander about the studio, glaring at unfinished drawings and sketches until despair seized me and I sat down to smoke and twiddle my thumbs with rage. The rain blew against the windows and rattled on the roof of the church, driving me into a nervous fit with its interminable patter. Tessie sat sewing by the window, and every now and then raised her head and looked at me with such innocent compassion that I began to feel ashamed of my irritation and looked about for something to occupy me. I had read all the papers and all the books in the library, but for



the sake of something to do I went to the bookcases and shoved them open with my elbow. I knew every volume by its color and examined them all, passing slowly around the library and whistling to keep up my spirits. I was turning to go into the dining room when my eye fell upon a book bound in yellow, standing in

a corner of the top shelf of the last bookcase. I did not remember it and from the floor could not decipher the pale lettering on the back, so I went to the smoking-room and called Tessie. She came in from the studio and climbed to reach the book.

"What is it?" I asked.

"*The King in Yellow.*"

I was dumbfounded. Who had placed it there? How came it to my rooms? I had long ago decided that I should never open that book, and nothing on earth could have persuaded me to buy it. Fearful lest curiosity might tempt me to open it, I had never even looked at it in book-stores. If I ever had had any curiosity to read it, the awful tragedy of young Castaigne, whom I knew, prevented me from exploring its wicked pages. I had always refused to listen to any description of it, and indeed, nobody ever ventured to discuss the second part aloud, so I had absolutely no knowledge of what those leaves might reveal. I stared at the poisonous yellow binding as I would at a snake.

"Don't touch it, Tessie," I said, "come down."

Of course my admonition was enough to arouse her curiosity, and before I could prevent it she took the book and, laughing, danced away into the studio with it. I called to her but she slipped away with a tormenting smile at my helpless hands, and I followed her with some impatience.

"Tessie!" I cried, entering the library, "listen, I am serious. Put that book away. I do not wish you to open it!" The library was empty. I went into both drawing-rooms, then into the bedrooms, laundry, kitchen, and finally returned to the library and began a systematic search. She had hidden herself so well that it was half an hour later when I discovered her crouching white and silent by the latticed window in the store-room above. At the first glance I saw she had been punished for her foolishness. *The King in Yellow* lay at her feet, but the book was open to the second part. I looked at Tessie and saw it was too late. She had opened *The King in Yellow*. Then I took her by the hand and led her into the studio. She seemed dazed, and when I told her to lie down on the sofa she obeyed me without a word. After a while she closed her eyes and her breathing became regular and deep, but I could not determine whether or not she slept. For a long while I sat silently beside her, but she neither stirred nor spoke, and at last I rose and entering the unused store-room took the yellow book in my least injured hand. It seemed heavy as lead, but I carried it into the studio again, and sitting down on the rug beside the sofa, opened it and read it through from beginning to end.

When, faint with the excess of my emotions, I dropped the volume and leaned wearily back against the sofa, Tessie opened her eyes and looked at me.

We had been speaking for some time in a dull and monotonous strain before I realized that we were discussing *The King in Yellow*. Oh the sin of writing such words, — words which are clear as crystal, limpid and musical as bubbling springs, words which sparkle and glow like the poisoned diamonds of the Medicis! Oh the wickedness, the hopeless damnation of a soul who could fascinate and paralyze human creatures with such words, — words understood by the ignorant and wise alike, words which are more precious than jewels, more soothing than Heavenly music, more awful than death itself.

We talked on, unmindful of the gathering shadows, and she was begging me to throw away the clasp of black onyx quaintly inlaid with what we now knew to be the Yellow Sign. I never shall know why I refused, though even at this hour, here in my bedroom as I write this confession, I should be glad to know *what* it was that prevented me from tearing the Yellow Sign from my breast and casting it into the fire. I am sure I wished to do so, but Tessie pleaded with me in vain. Night fell and the hours dragged on, but still we murmured to each other of the King and the Pallid Mask, and midnight sounded from the misty spires in the fog-wrapped city. We spoke of Hastur and of Cassilda, while outside the fog rolled against the blank window panes as the cloud waves roll and break on the shores of Hali.

The house was very silent now and not a sound from the misty streets broke the silence. Tessie lay among the cushions, her face a gray blot in the gloom, but her hands were clasped in mine and I knew that she knew and read my thoughts as I read hers, for we had understood the mystery of the Hyades and the Phantom of Truth was laid. Then as we answered each other, swiftly, silently, thought on thought, the shadows stirred in the gloom about us, and far in the distant streets we heard a sound. Nearer and nearer it came, the dull crunching of wheels, nearer, nearer and yet nearer, and now, outside the door it ceased, and I dragged myself to the window and saw a black plumed hearse. The gate below opened and shut, and I crept shaking to my door and bolted it, but I knew no bolts, no locks, could keep that creature out who was coming for the Yellow Sign. And now I heard him moving very softly along the hall. Now he was at the door, and the bolts rotted at his touch. Now he had en-

tered. With eyes starting from my head I peered into the darkness, but when he came into the room I did not see him. It was only when I felt him envelop me in his cold soft grasp that I cried out and struggled with deadly fury, but my hands were useless, and he tore the onyx clasp from my coat and struck me full in the face. Then, as I fell, I heard Tessie's soft cry and her spirit fled to God, and even while falling I longed to follow her, for I knew that the King in Yellow had opened his tattered mantle and there was only Christ to cry to now.

I could tell more, but I cannot see what help it will be to the world. As for me I am past human-help or hope. As I lie here, writing, careless even whether or not I die before I finish, I can see the doctor gathering up his powders and phials with a vague gesture to the good priest beside me, which I understand.

They will be very curious to know the tragedy — they of the outside world who write books and print

millions of newspapers, but I will write no more, and the father confessor will seal my last words with the seal of sanctity when his holy office is done. They of the outside world may send their creatures into wrecked homes and death-smitten firesides, and their newspapers will batten on blood and tears, but with me their spies must halt before the confessional. They know that Tessie is dead and that I am dying. They know how the people in the house, aroused by an infernal scream, rushed into my room and found one lying and two dead, but they do not know that the doctor said as he pointed to a horrible decomposed heap on the floor — the livid corpse of the watchman from the church: "I have no theory, no explanation. That man must have been dead for months!"

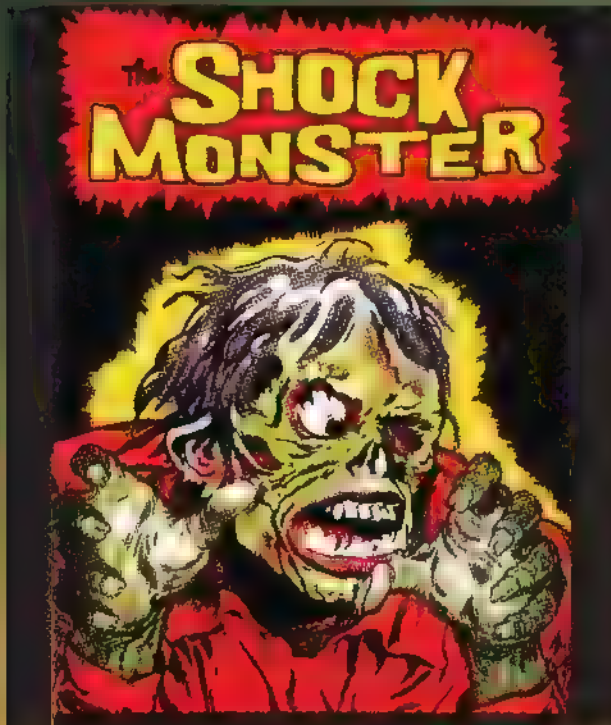
I think I am dying. I wish the priest would



Robert William Chambers (May 26, 1865-December 16, 1933) started his career as an artist and illustrator before turning to writing. His first book, *In the Quarter*, was published in 1894, and depicts the life of art students in Paris. His most famous work that has withstood the test of time is undoubtedly *The King in Yellow*, published the following year. Several of the stories therein are linked to an imaginary play, "The King in Yellow," that drives its reader insane. The short stories in the Chamber's book are not all in the supernatural genre, however. While Chambers would write periodically of the weird and bizarre, he gained much success later in life for his social and historical novels, which were frequently found on the best-seller lists.



THE ORIGINAL SHOCK MONSTER



Artwork by Jason Willis

At the end of 1957, the ratings data strongly indicated that there was a Monster Culture revolution brewing. SHOCK! had boosted the ratings for KTLA-TV in Los Angeles from seventh to second place; WABC-TV jumped from sixth to first place in the NYC market. Most famously, KRON-TV in San Francisco had increased its ranking 807% with the SHOCK! films. It wasn't long before the popularity of monster movies on television spawned other media manifestations, the most beloved of which were monster movie magazines for kids.


One such mag was FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND, founded in February 1958 by publisher Warren and editor Forrest J Ackerman. FM's pages were crisscrossed with reproductions of stills, posters and promotional material for horror movies, along with the latest news about silent movies. Briefly, the magazine covered the world of schlock movie and its related extracurriculars—movie posters, movie trailers, movie production notes. FM was a place where you could find out everything you could want to know about the big, bad

BY THE CREEPING BRIDE


seeing these films for the first time on SHOCK! — the first issue of FM had an article called "TV's Monster Parade," in fact.

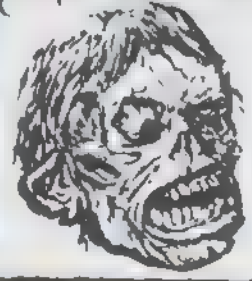
Warren Publishing set up its own in-house mail-order service, Captain Company, which advertised in the pages of FM and the subsequent other titles of the Warren publishing line. For kids who couldn't find any monster-related goods at their local department stores, Captain Company mail order must have seemed like paradise: posters, monster novelties, model kits, magazines, costumes, Super 8 reel versions of monster movies, and other fascinating outré items.

Warren expected to turn a much higher profit with Captain Company items than he did with the 35-cent magazine itself. It is not uncommon today to hear old-timers complain that they had been bilked out of their hard-earned allowance money because the Captain Company's sensationalistic come-on ads were not always completely accurate accounts of the item purchased. (Personally, my bitterest rip-off memories involved sending away for a completely cool "giant life-size moon monster" for a \$1 in the summer of 1969, but that scam wasn't the work of Captain Company.)



**FAMOUS
MONSTERS
SERIES**





**SHOCK MONSTER
RUBBER MASK**

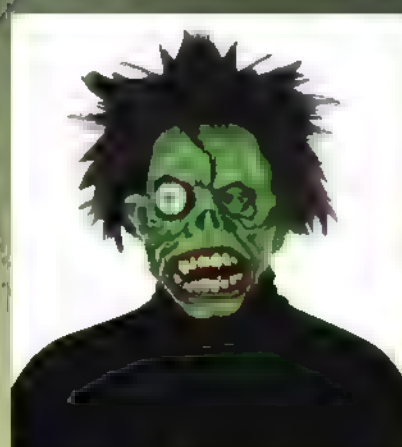
Here's a mask that will shock people out of a year's growth! Eerie green skin, black twisted hair, yellow teeth and a staring eye make this one of the most horrible characters ever created in rubber. Send only \$2.00 to CAP. TAIN CO., Dept. TC, Box 6573, Philadelphia 38, Pa.

Masks made by the Topstone company were among the most popular items sold by the Captain Company in the pages of FM. Topstone's full-face latex masks were inexpensive (\$2.00 plus 25 postage) and usually avoided movie studio licensing fees by presenting monsters and fiends who were not directly tied to specific motion pictures, such as "Gorilla Monster," "Lagoon Monster," "Horrible Melting Man," "Savage Cannibal," and "Girl Vampire." One of the masks was called "Shock Monster."

According to the Topstone catalog from 1956, the mask was originally called "Horror Zombie." "Horror Zombie" was designed (and perhaps also sculpted) by commercial illustrator Keith Ward (1906-2000); some of Ward's other creations that left an impact on US pop culture include the drawings of Elsie the cow (Borden's Milk) and Elmer the bull (Elmer's Glue, originally owned by Borden as well). But once "Horror Zombie" began appearing as an item for sale in the Captain Company advertisements in FM, the name of the mask was changed to "Shock Monster"; some collector cognoscenti argue that it was Warren himself who was responsible for the name change in 1958.

With the close relationship between FAMOUS MONSTERS and the SHOCK! broadcasts, I think

that we can explain the name change from "Horror Zombie" to "Shock Monster" as an attempt to tap into the enthusiasm that the Captain Company's customer base had for the SHOCK! movies. In other words, the "Shock Monster" mask sold through Warren's mail-order operation was specifically meant to be SHOCK!'s monster mascot.



Of course, the actual mask itself was a bit of a disappointment compared to Ward's fantastic illustration. Nevertheless, there is a kind of bizarre art brut primitivism to that mask that is compelling and disturbing. Putting aside its historical/nostalgia value, the mask is interesting to look at because it is so childlike in its creepiness. In many ways, I would find a person wearing this cheap \$2.00 mask to be more upsetting than one sporting one of those elaborately-designed and realistically-

rendered monster masks that sell for a couple hundred dollars at high-end costume shops every Halloween.

Into the 1960s and even the 1970s, the Shock Monster became a recognizable and iconic face of the FM vanguard's stake in the Horror Culture Revolution, appearing in Warren magazine graphics, t-shirts, decals,

RUBBER MONSTER MASKS!																			
MOVING FACE MONSTER MASKS are here at last! Wear one of these and every time you grin or grimace, the mask does the same thing. Especially creepy for use at parties, heavy later sessions, etc. besides on the face, the entire costume and on over the top of the head. All masks hand-finished and hand-painted. Over 20's crazy, make everyone shudder in fright!																			
DELUXE FULL OVER THE HEAD MASKS - COVERS THE ENTIRE HEAD - \$2.25																			
SHOCK MONSTER	FRANKENSTEIN	BRIDAL SKULL	THE WEREWOLF	FEMALE VAMPIRE	GORILLA MONSTER														
OVER THE TOP MASKS - COVERS ENTIRE FACE AND TOP OF HEAD - \$1.49																			
SCREAMING SKULL	VAMPIRE GIRL	TEENAGE WEREWOLF	THE MUMMY	MALE VAMPIRE	THE GHOUL														
BANDAGED HEAD																			
<p>RUSH ME the following RUBBER MONSTER MASK(S). Enclosed is \$ INCLUDING 50¢ POSTAGE AND HANDLING FOR EACH MASK CHECKED</p> <table border="0"> <tr> <td><input type="checkbox"/> SHOCK MONSTER \$2.25</td> <td><input type="checkbox"/> SCREAMING SKULL \$1.49</td> </tr> <tr> <td><input type="checkbox"/> FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER \$2.25</td> <td><input type="checkbox"/> GIRL VAMPIRE \$1.49</td> </tr> <tr> <td><input type="checkbox"/> BRIDAL SKULL \$2.25</td> <td><input type="checkbox"/> TEENAGE WEREWOLF \$1.49</td> </tr> <tr> <td><input type="checkbox"/> THE WEREWOLF \$2.25</td> <td><input type="checkbox"/> THE MUMMY \$1.49</td> </tr> <tr> <td><input type="checkbox"/> FEMALE VAMPIRE \$2.25</td> <td><input type="checkbox"/> MALE VAMPIRE \$1.49</td> </tr> <tr> <td><input type="checkbox"/> GORILLA MONSTER \$2.25</td> <td><input type="checkbox"/> THE GHOUL \$1.49</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td><input type="checkbox"/> BANDAGED HEAD \$1.49</td> </tr> </table> <p>Sorry. No C.O.D.'s or Orders Outside U.S.A. Please Print Clearly</p>						<input type="checkbox"/> SHOCK MONSTER \$2.25	<input type="checkbox"/> SCREAMING SKULL \$1.49	<input type="checkbox"/> FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER \$2.25	<input type="checkbox"/> GIRL VAMPIRE \$1.49	<input type="checkbox"/> BRIDAL SKULL \$2.25	<input type="checkbox"/> TEENAGE WEREWOLF \$1.49	<input type="checkbox"/> THE WEREWOLF \$2.25	<input type="checkbox"/> THE MUMMY \$1.49	<input type="checkbox"/> FEMALE VAMPIRE \$2.25	<input type="checkbox"/> MALE VAMPIRE \$1.49	<input type="checkbox"/> GORILLA MONSTER \$2.25	<input type="checkbox"/> THE GHOUL \$1.49		<input type="checkbox"/> BANDAGED HEAD \$1.49
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<p>CAPTAIN COMPANY FM-94 P.O. BOX 430, Murray Hill Station New York, N.Y. 10016</p> <p>NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____</p>																			

Continued on page 39

continued from page 10

and other items — you can easily imagine it painted on a hot rod in the mid-1960s. Unlike a t-shirt with a Frankenstein Monster face or a Dracula face design, the Shock Monster could not be identified with any specific film story. The Shock Monster was an unknown, free-floating symbol of excitement for monsters rather than a plug for any specific horror film product. He was, in a sense, an indie monster whose only connection was to the experience of the weekly "Shock Theater" or "Creature Feature" or "Nightmare" movies.

TOPSTONE'S "OVER THE-TOP" MASKS

SUPER OVER-THE-TOP

- These amazingly realistic masks must be seen to be appreciated.
- Each mask is a work of art, painstakingly painted with careful attention to detail, and generously decorated with hair.
- Gives the appearance of being colossal in size, but fits all faces.
- Designed to go "over-the-top" of the head requiring no elastic to keep on.

DE LUXE OVER-THE-TOP

- Extends over the crown of the head, needs no elastic to keep on.
- Fits loosely on the face.
- Can be worn over eyeglasses.
- Permits full circulation of air making it cool and delightful to wear.
- 12 outstanding characters suitable for Halloween, Masquerades, and Parties.

DOUBLE BILL NIGHTMARES

THE APE MAN & LONDON BLACKOUT MURDERS

MIREK LIPINSKI



When Bela Lugosi started shooting *The Ape Man* on Wednesday, December 16, 1942* at Monogram's studios on 4376 Sunset Drive, he had already done most of his best work for Universal, the studio that activated his worldwide cinematic fame. Though the Monograms were budget films that could never match the effort and money spent on Lugosi's films at Universal, the actor didn't dismiss them as unworthy of his efforts. As quoted in Arthur Lenning's *The Immortal Count*, actress Louise Currie, the "Katharine Hepburn of Monogram" who played the part of news photographer Dillie Mason in the film, had this to say about Lugosi: "He took it so seriously; he really wanted it to be believable, and I think it definitely was." Her summation was that Lugosi did "a brilliant job" in the role. For Gregory William Mank's *Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff: The Expanded Story of a Haunting*, Currie added: "I think Lugosi was intrigued with the Ape Man role. It was difficult, but then again, it challenged him. This was part of his game, doing roles that were odd and unusual."

Of all his roles for Monogram, *The Ape Man* held the greatest challenge for the then 60-year-old horror icon. Almost a month earlier, Lugosi had finished playing the part of the Frankenstein Monster in Universal's *Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman*. For the role Lugosi had to endure 35 pounds of make-up and attire, and finally collapsed on November 5th during the shooting and was sent home to rest. Lugosi's age had already been taken into account with the planned use of stuntmen and stand-ins Eddie Parker and Gil Perkins. With Monogram, Lugosi was on his own. Not only without a stand-in but in acting throughout the picture as a part-simian with hunched posture and lumbering gait. The role required Lugosi to put himself out there more than the sinister scientists and madmen that would inform most of his other Monogram roles. The results were commendable, though modern audiences can find them amusing, if not laughable.

It should be easy to understand why Lugosi invested a lot in his performance; after all, *The Ape Man* was a Bela Lugosi film that relied on him for his star-power to bring in audiences. There were, of course, other performers of some note in the movie, like Wallace Ford, who had had a long career in B-films as the leading actor, but one can't

*AFI Catalog of Motion Pictures: Mank indicates a start date of Friday, December 18th.

MOTION PICTURES

STARTS TOMORROW

BROOKLYN WARNER BROS.

Strand 30¢ to 5 p.m.

DOORS OPEN 10:30 a.m. FULTON at ROCKWELL NEWS 2-6600

SHIVER SHUDDER AND SHAKE

A DOUBLE-BARRELED HORROR SHOW!

BELA LUGOSI

The Master of Horror

in

THE APE MAN

and WALLACE FORD

HORROR HIT No. 2

A spine-chilling mystery in a terror-stalked blackout!

"LONDON BLACKOUT MURDERS"

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

imagine a moviegoer being that draws in 1943 to see a Wallace Ford film.

The Ape Man premiered on Thursday, March 18, 1943 at the Colony Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard, with Bowery Boys' *Kid Dynamite*, another Monogram feature, supplying the bottom of the bill.

Some of the trade papers were almost glowing: *Daily Variety*, February 22, 1943: "*The Ape Man*, latest horror entry from Monogram, is expertly figured for its market. Hoke factors are stressed without apologies and there are

moments of well-sustained suspense to add the proper touch.... Bela Lugosi continues his bloodthirsty ways as a pseudo-scientist."

The Hollywood Reporter, February 22, 1943: "The Ape Man is another of those films that cause the hair to stand on one's head... Bela Lugosi, in a 'horrible' makeup, gives another of the performances that addicts of the gruesome expect of him and applaud."

The Exhibitor, February 24, 1943: "This is in the usual tradition, and it will fit neatly into any thrill or horror combo. The title is attractive, and the goings-on will satisfy those who like this type of film."

There were certainly indifferent and negative reviews, but the fact that the film elicited positive commentary by a good number of critics across the country leads one to believe that how we view the film nowadays ("so bad as to be good" may be the best contemporary critique given the film) misses the point of film because of our well-exercised judgmental and ironic sensibilities, so different than how audiences in the 1940s would feel when they would go to see such films for the simple pleasures of being entertained and spooked and possibly, for some, amused. *The Ape Man* provided enough weird happenings, suspense, flavorful acting (particularly from Lugosi and Minerval Urecal, who plays the sister of Lugosi's Dr. Brewster character) and, yes, some intentionally and

unintentionally provoked laughter, to make it agreeably passable at the very least and, yes, even chilling. (The February 20th, 1943 issue of the trade publication *Harrison's Reports* stated that *The Ape Man* was "Too horrifying for children.") And, as other films of its type, it ran just 64 minutes, hardly anything that would belabor a welcome. What hurt the film was its hasty filming schedule of 15 days and a low budget that did not allow for any sustained atmosphere to spice up the proceedings. No swirling fog, à la *Murders in the Rue Morgue*, as Lugosi and his companion gorilla (Emil Van Horn) go about the city streets (poor stage-bound sets) on a mission of getting spinal fluid, necessary for the possibility of returning Dr. Brewster to complete human form when his experimentations turn

him into the titular "monster" of the film.

The Ape Man is also somewhat cruelly sabotaged at the very end when a mysterious character who had been intrusively popping in at various times throughout the film, identifies himself as the writer of the story, confessing, with a silly wide grin, that it was a "screwy idea." Here we may have the influence of producer Sam Katzman who said during this time that his productions were "moron pictures," a statement that may have been simply defensive and impelled by a deep embarrassment as to his products' plebeian, simple impulses (and cheapness) in the face of more artistically-crafted and expensive fare being put out by

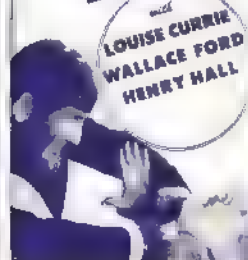
IT'S SHOCKERIFIC!

HE CREEPS
BY NIGHT!

MOST FEARFUL MONSTER
THAT EVER STALKED
THE SCREEN!



BELA LUGOSI
"THE APE
MAN"



with
LOUISE CURRIE
WALLACE FORD
HENRY HALL



BELA LUGOSI

THE APE MAN

LOUISE CURRIE
WALLACE FORD
HENRY HALL



his Hollywood neighbors.

A "moron" picture or not, the profits on *The Ape Man* were good enough for Monogram to go ahead with a sequel, but in name only, *The Return of the Ape Man*, with Lugosi and the added horror-star power of John Carradine, who would soon take over Lugosi's role as Universal's Count Dracula in *House of Frankenstein* and *House of Dracula*, before Lugosi draped the Dracula cape over his shoulders once again in *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein*.

The Ape Man was a venerable soldier in the theaters of America. In the year of its release in 1943 the film was frequently shown as either the top or bottom bill of second and third run theaters throughout America, and became part of "spook shows," some with a live Lugosi in an accompanying stage show. The film was later rereleased by

Feature Films. (From what I've seen, it is this release that is the source for all the public domain videos and DVDs of the film that we are familiar with.)

The quality of its various prints became more and more abused as time went on. The venues became cheaper and the projection equipment cranky, causing more wear to a print. Beaten and battered was *The Ape Man*, until the film turned up on television and then video and DVD releases.

One of the film's more delicious pairings in 1943, the year of its premier release, was with the Republic thriller, *London Blackout Murders*, helmed by journeyman director George Sherman.

Warning: some spoilers ahead

THE SCREEN

By Jane Corby

'London Blackout Murders' Scary Film At Strand, New 'Falcon' Tale at Albee

Opening yesterday a double-horror bill which ought to be a field day for moviegoers who enjoy chills with their thrills, the Strand is presenting Republic's "London Blackout Murders" and "The Ape Man"—the latter with Bela Lugosi,

Hollywood's ace spine-tingler. It's all great fun.

Excellent acting raises "London Blackout Murders" above the more or less routine angles of the plot. John Abbott does a fine job as the former doctor who appoints himself a committee of one to murder several industrialists who seek to aid Hitler by starting a move for appeasement. Mary McLeod is appealing as a girl who has lost both parents in a London bombing.

Timeliness is another point in favor of this scary melodrama. Blackouts are much in the news, and a murderer with a hypodermic needle as a weapon seems natural enough in the generally unnatural situation. Suspense is maintained by keeping the audience in some doubt as to the murderer's identity and his motives. This is explained when he finally is caught and brought up for trial, though the motivation is not made any too clear even then.

A twist at the end, when the "patriot" hears the sentence for murder is death, regardless of the patriotic motive, leaves the audience with mixed feelings. It is difficult to applaud the patriotism of the doctor and at the same time agree with the gallows verdict. However, nothing takes away from the fine opportunity for good character acting which the plot offers, and which the cast has seized to the best advantage. George Sherman, who did double duty as associate producer and director, has made the most of his personal opportunities.

'The Ape Man' Eerie, With Bela Lugosi

"The Ape Man," the Strand's added horror "attraction," has the advantage of having Bela Lugosi in the lead, an actor who, to thrill-seeking moviegoers is synonymous

ON REVIEW TOMORROW

Screen Critic Jane Corby will review tomorrow:

"The Moon Is Down," film version of Steinbeck's novel of an invaded people who won't be subservient, opening at the Rivoli.

Drama Critic Arthur Pollock will review tomorrow:

"Richard III," Shakespeare's play, with George Coulouris in the title role, opening at the Forrest Theater tonight.

with jitters. "The Ape Man," a Monogram picture, has more action and wordage than the usual horror films, which are apt to depend on pantomime and suspense to build up their climax of fear. Bela Lugosi is up to all his best tricks, however, and succeeds in presenting a character that is frighteningly inhuman, while Henry Hall, the unfortunate doctor who has helped create the Ape Man, does his share to tax the nerves of spectators in his own important role.

Lugosi and Henry Hall are depicted as two doctors who, experimenting with unnatural forces, get strange results. They produce an ape man! Both Lugosi, who is IT in the picture, and Henry Hall know the cure for this state of things—it's the spinal fluid from a living person (who must die, of course, to give it). This and this alone will change Lugosi back to his normal self. When Lugosi's sister returns home unexpectedly and finds the Ape Man, she pleads with Hall to save her brother, adding her plea to that of Lugosi himself. To get the necessary spinal fluid Lugosi kills Hall's brother, but there is not sufficient fluid to work the cure. Again and again murder must



'COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN,' starring Paul Muni, above, is the feature attraction now to be seen at Loew's neighborhood theaters. The same program also includes the technicolor, "At the Front," the authentic film story of the invasion of North Africa.

be done, with the obtaining of the precious spinal fluid as the motive. At last Dr. Hall rebels and refuses to help the Ape Man further—thus sealing his own doom. Lugosi kills his former friend before the forces of law and order, in the person of Wheeler Oakman, a detective, can arrive.

To make things even eerier, there's a real ape in the film, too, who does a spot of murdering on his own. Aside from this aid, the main support for Lugosi and Hall comes from Louise Cyrie, Wallace Ford, Minerva Urecal and J. Farrell McDonald. William Beaudine has directed with skill. The story is based on "They Creep in the Night," by Karl Brown, adapted for the screen by Barney Sarecky.

Uber enthusiastic review of both London Blackout Murders and The Ape Man from The Brooklyn Daily Eagle, Friday, March 26, 1943. Emil Van Horn, who played the part of the gorilla in The Ape Man, would have been very pleased to know that "a real ape" appeared in the film.

LINCOLN THEATRE

Top and middle left: Ads from 1943 pairing **The Ape Man** with other films. Middle right: A spook show bill advertising a personal appearance by Bela Lugosi in a "Horror & Magic Stage Show." The film shown in the program is **The Ape Man** under another title, **They Creep in the Dark**. Bottom: The pressbook of **The Return of the Ape Man** noted that it was a sequel to the successful 1943 film.

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THRILLS APLENTY!

**I WALKED WITH
a ZOMBIE.**

FRANCES BEE • TOM CONWAY
JAMES ELLISON • CHRISTINE GORDON

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**APE
MAN** Bela LUGOSI
Wallace FORD
Louise CURRIE

VIRGINIA

Open Daily at 12 Noon
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**BELA LUGOSI
WALLACE FORD in
"THE APE MAN"
GENE AUTRY in
"SIERRA SUE"**

Chap. 9, "Daredevils of the West"
Our Gang Comedy News

TODAY
and
FRIDAY **IMPERIAL** A FAMOUS
PLAYERS
THEATRE

BELA LUGOSI
THE
**APE
MAN**

WOLLEY LUPINO
*Life Begins at
EIGHT-THIRTY*

EXTRA
MARCH OF TIME Presents
"Inside Fascist Spain"

TRENTON TRANSIT BUSES AVAILABLE AT SHOW'S COMPLETION

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TRENTON**

1 PERFORMANCE ONLY
MIDNITE TUES. DEC. 26

"MR. HORROR" HIMSELF!
BELA LUGOSI
IN PERSON
and COMPANY with his

**BIG HORROR & MAGIC
STAGE SHOW**

**13 BLOOD-CURLING
SCENES 13**

**BELA LUGOSI in
"THEY CREEP IN THE DARK"**

SEE! LUGOSI and BLOODY GUILLOTINE!
AN MORTYER THE MAGICIAN!
VAMPIRE WALDEN BURNED ALIVE!
BEASTY AND THE MONSTER!

TICKETS
NOW ON SALE!
\$1.00

ON SCREEN too!

TELL 'EM THE APE MAN IS BACK

Sell this terror show for what it is . . . the shock show of the year! Sell it with real showmanship! It's the terror sequel from the makers of "The Ape Man." Spread the news everywhere! The ideas on these exploitation pages are bristling with 'box-office' . . . bring in double dollars by doubling your effort in selling "The Return of the Ape Man!"



The inspirational spark for *London Blackout Murders* must surely have been the blitz murders in February 1942 when a new "Jack the Ripper" turned up in London during the German night-time air raids. The city would go completely dark then, allowing criminals a perfect opportunity for their nefarious deeds. In the space of six days, Gordon Cummins of the Royal Air Force, murdered and sexually assaulted, or tried to assault, four women, mutilating three of them. The 28-year-old Cummins, whom one pathologist claimed, after an examination of one of Cummins' victims, was "a savage sexual maniac," was quickly found out, however, as he was sloppy in covering his tracks. In his last attempted, but failed, assault he left behind his military-issued gas mask, whose container had a serial number leading the authorities directly to him. Cummins

was tried in court, found guilty, and executed by hanging in June of that year.

The Republic film was not about to craft a film with the sexual violence of the Cummins story, or the implication of such barbarity, but screenwriter Curt Siodmak of *The Wolf Man* fame used the "blitz Ripper" idea for his story and established a connection to the original Ripper by having Jack Rawlings (John Abbott) talk about the Victorian Ripper murders and relate to Mary Tillet (Mary McLeod) that one of the Ripper's victims was killed in the very room in which she would be staying. Not by chance, it seems, is the first name of Abbott's character "Jack." (We will find out later in the film that "Jack Rawlings" is not the character's real name.)

London Blackout Murders is a curious film, in that it enthusiastically plays around with the validity of vigilante justice, but backs away, rather sharply, from supporting it at the end, invalidating the integrity of the film and the motto stressed at its beginning: "Freedom is in peril, defend it with all your might."

The hand of censorship may have played a role here, so dramatic is the turn-around, but if one examines the other dynamics of the film, we see that Siodmak may have wanted to explore in greater depth the mental pressures that war can elicit.

Jack's compatriot in vigilantism is clearly disturbed, perhaps a result of the blitz itself, and Jack himself, though presented in a sympathetic manner, is also mentally ill. His complete lack of remorse at killing his wife (before the war), his overtly calm review of his history of murder, signifies a deadness within, a man who may have been once broken and never fully healed, or, more likely, who may have been born with troubling psychological characteristics waiting to come forth when the stresses of life became too great. Already damaged goods before the war, Rawlings take on the role of judge and executioner during the war, as he murders collaborators with the Axis powers.

Juxtaposed with *The Ape Man*, the Republic film, though also on a low budget, shows more care: Its sets are more ornate and atmospherically lit, and the direction richer. The story is serious, rather than the self-damnation inher-



ent in *The Ape Man* being a "screwy idea."

John Abbott's receding jaw and droopy eyes may have suggested that other genres would have been more suitable for him, but his regal, yet relaxed bearing and a classy vocal intonation invalidated those concerns. Before settling into an older "character

actor" status (complete with goatee that covered his weak jaw line), Abbott starred in such genre thrillers as *Vampire's Ghost* (for Republic) and *Cry of the Werewolf*, and found his way into several mystery and detective films in the 1940s.

While *London Blackout Murders* deals with the war that was the news of the day, *The Ape Man* doesn't avoid the war altogether. A scene in a car between Jeff Carter (Wallace Ford) and Billie Mason (Louise Currie) brings up the 4-F classification (unfit for duty due to physical or mental ailments), with Billie looking down on Jeff for possibly being 4-F and not in the war. (Of course, he's not 4-F, but will be a soldier soon.) And the photographer that Billie replaces at the newspaper has already gone to war.

So, yes, these were films with an escapist elements, but they didn't shy away from mentioning, and in the Republic film's case sourcing, the war going on at the time.

This brings to mind how easily and expansively guilt was brought to bear on able-bodied men in a national effort to fight the Axis powers. If you can't go see a Bela Lugosi film without such guilt being etched into your conscience, where can you go?

The 4-F classification was certainly a badge of shame, as related by the women who lived during that time: "Nobody wanted to date these boys who didn't pass their physicals, and we called them 'F-Fers.' And: 'They needed a good reason for not being in the service to be respected by the girls.'" (www.nebraskastudies.org/0800/stories/0801_0106.html)

Unlike the Lugosi film under discussion, *London Blackout Murders* was never a regular staple of movie theaters or television showings and has not been available for viewing in any previous or current legal video/DVD release.

In order to view the film, one must solicit more obscure bootleggers or collectors to acquire a DVD-R of the film. If your search is like mine, you will come across the "American Television" version, which appears to be cut by several minutes. Hopefully, the film, as other Republic horrors of the time, will find decent DVD or Blu-Ray release in the future.

Palace

NOW PLAYING!

Murder
in the BLITZ!

*The LONDON
BLACKOUT
MURDERS*



with
JOHN
ABBOTT
MARY
MCLEOD
LOUIS
BORELL

CO-HIT!



Triple Action on the Range

The Three Mesquiteers in

*Shadows
On the Sage*

BOB STEELE
TOM TYLER
JIMMY DODD



WITHOUT HIS GORILLA OUTFIT, HE BECAME DESTITUTE!

The tragedy of Emil Van Horn, Francis Darro's underdog and co-star of "The Ape Man."

Emil Van Horn was a story line in the 1930s through the mid-1940s, and Horn, a gorilla impersonator, worked in Hollywood with the likes of W.C. Fields and Bela Lugosi, and on stage, notably in some burlesque-type shows with partially clothed strippers and "show gals." If that had been just it, the story would perhaps be of minimal interest to film biographers and historians, but the fact that Horn wound up on skid row in New Orleans, with all the means of his craft (his gorilla suit) left the story to a tragedy, and not just the typical story of so many who saw employment in Hollywood and on stage to find themselves living in squalor, conditions and beneath a minimal amount of fame and fortune. One can hear the near homelessness and later homeless life regale someone in a New Orleans bar about Hollywood and his time as an entertainer, and his someone looking at him wearily, and thinking, "sure, buddy," but that was there.

Nothing is really known about when Horn was born or where. Eastern Europe is mentioned, Hungary specifically, which would have made his appearance in *The Ape Man* with the Hungarian-born Bela Lugosi west for both. In the States, Horn becomes noticed when he appeared in burlesque acts playing the part of a gorilla. It seems the suit he wore was like a



second identity. The same Emil Van Horn would appear in a part throughout the years of his employment, and it was an integral part of the story of a man and his gorilla suit.

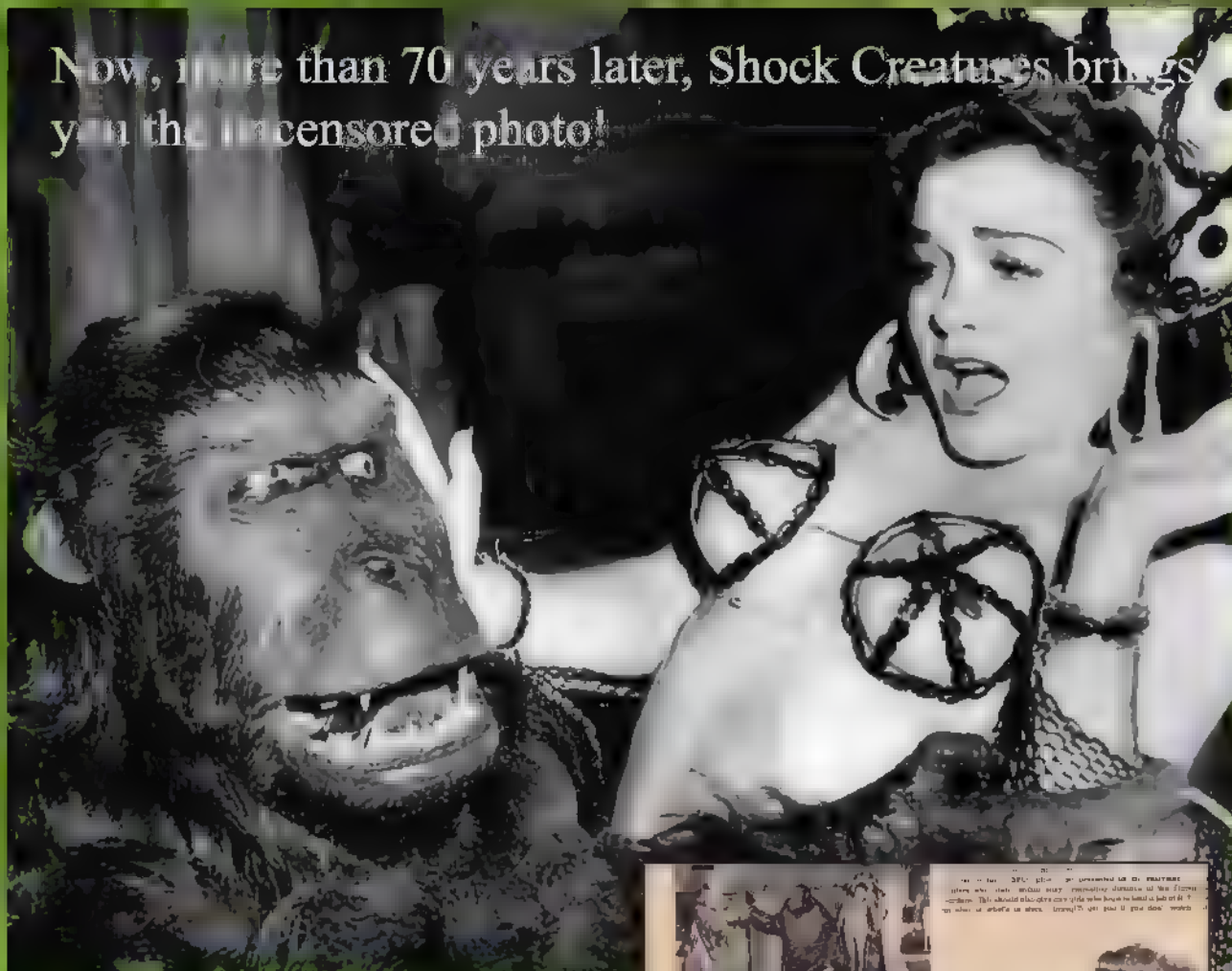
Many gorilla outfits were of use in Hollywood, and the so Horn's involvement in film, first, apparently, on the W.C. Fields' *Never Give a Sucker an Even Break*, then in such productions as the series *The Gorilla* by Leo and, his most notable role, in Monty Python's *The Ape Man*. Of interest is that

Horn would tell of drinking with Fields on the set. This may give a clue that Horn found extra comfort in the bottle and could keep pace with Fields. In his destitute New Orleans days, Horn became a frequent patron of



The April 1941 issue *SPOT* magazine scored a coup when Emil Van Horn removed his gorilla head to expose his face. Horn was noted to never remove his gorilla head, even during a break in filming on a movie set. The top photo (single) is a rare color photo of Horn in his gorilla suit, also from *SPOT* magazine.

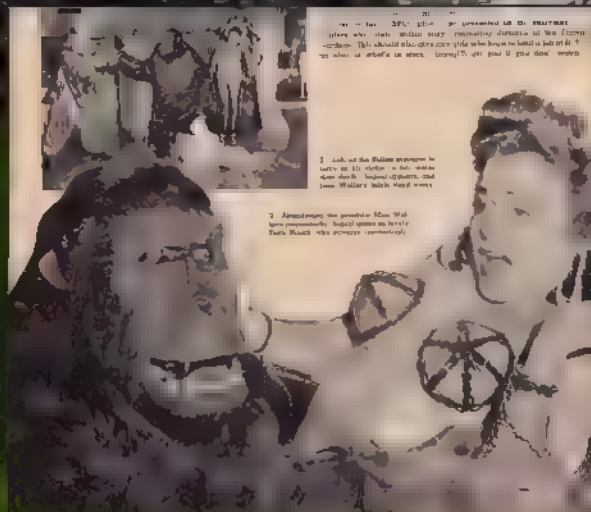
Now, more than 70 years later, Shock Creatures brings you the uncensored photo!



...Mia... a mess of what he would keep in company. "I don't know and as far as he could," reported one of the writers, "who had met him in 1965.

At this point in his life, without a gorilla suit. Two stories explain the loss. The first is that someone stole his suit in Chicago, the second is that the suit was confiscated by his landlady in Miami when he failed to keep up with his rent. If it's the same, then I don't believe the latter story, as the first one was told by Horn to *Playboy* magazine and I doubt he'd have wanted people to learn that he had been so destitute that he couldn't pay his rent, much less his suit was taken from him. And let's face it, by the mid-60s, men in gorilla suits were not needed as they may have been years before. And his suit was coming apart. I also suspect that a fondness for the bottle plays a pivotal part in the tragedy of Emil Von Horn.

Deprived of his gorilla suit, Horn was relegated to doing the work of an extra in movies, *A Hole in the Head* in Miami, and, perhaps, *The Cincinnati Kid* in New Orleans. He died penniless at New Orleans' Charity Hospital on January 1st, 1967...without his gorilla suit, of course.



...in the April 1941 issue *SPOT* magazine published a piece titled "Gorillas Prefer Blondes" on Hollywood's Florentine Gardens show "Beauty and the Beast," it fogged over a pool of nipple, either underneath very thin gossamer or shockingly bare, for the "Beauty." Though it may be hard for you to tell, you can rest assured that careful study has validated this fact. Readers who may want to find out more about Horn are urged to hit the computer and use the search function at: joeb-tallyho.blogspot.com, www.hollywoodgorillamen.com, and monsterkidclassichorrorforum.yuku.com

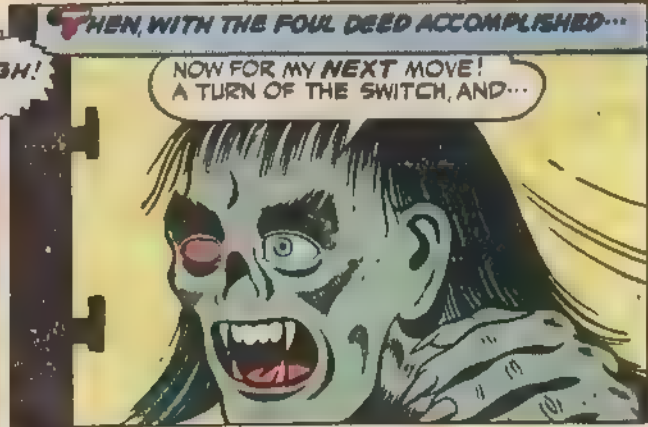


Art by Fred Guardineer, story by Frank Belknap Long. Originally published in Adventures into the Unknown, Fall 1948



HA-HA!

ARRGH!



THEN, WITH THE FOUL DEED ACCOMPLISHED...

NOW FOR MY NEXT MOVE!
A TURN OF THE SWITCH, AND...



HA-HA
-HA!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD...THE DAILY BUGLE...

TRAIN WRECK NEAR OAK STATION...
AND A SWITCHMAN'S BEEN KILLED!
GET DOWN THERE ON THE DOUBLE,
GAIL...AND SEE WHAT GIVES!

HOLD PAGE
ONE CHIEF...
I'LL BE BACK
IN A FLASH!

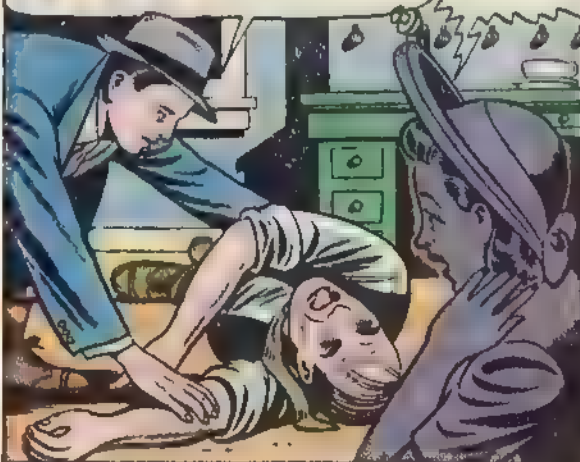
WELL...TONY BRAND, THE
D.A.'S SPECIAL INVESTI-
GATOR! HMMM... I
SMELL GUNPOWDER!
A SHOOTING, EH?

GAIL LESLIE, THE
SCOOPLESS WONDER!
YOU'RE MY FAVORITE
GIRL BUT YOU'RE STILL
A ROTTEN DETECTIVE!
--LOOK!



DOES THIS LOOK LIKE SHOOTING? HE'S BEEN **STRANGLLED**... BY SOME-ONE OF SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH!

OH-HHH!



THAT FACE! I'LL REMEMBER IT IN MY DREAMS!

BETTER TAKE OFF GAIL... THIS JUST SNT A WOMAN'S BUSINESS! BUT DONT WORRY I'LL LAND THAT KILLER **JUST WATCH MY SMOKE!**

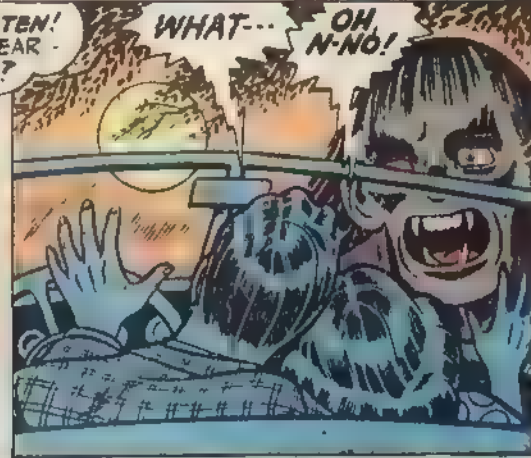
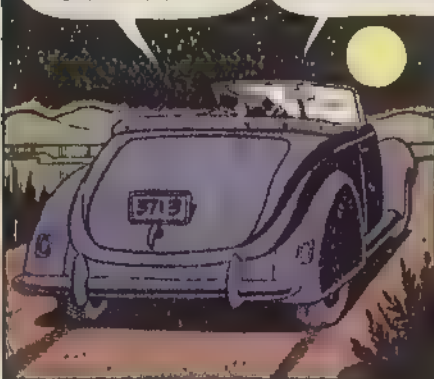


YOU ONLY THINK YOU'LL LAND HIM, TONY! DIDNT RECKON WITH HIM STRIKING AGAIN DID YOU?

SCENE: A LOCAL LOVER'S LANE...

GOLLY, JEAN... YOU'RE THE CUTEST GIRL I EVER KNEW! I...

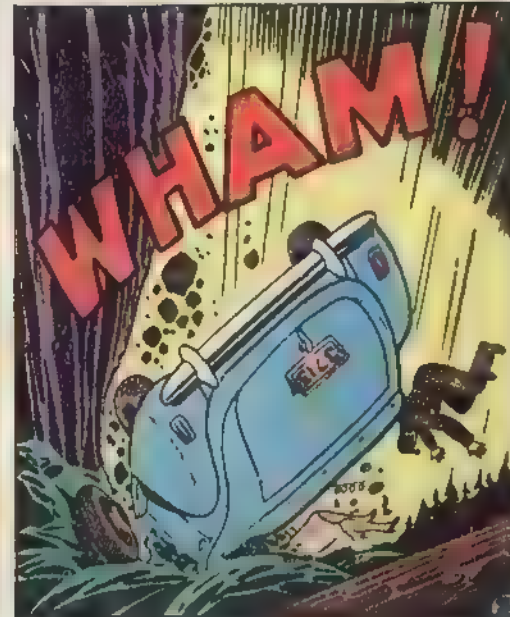
WAIT NED! LISTEN! DIDNT YOU HEAR FOOTSTEPS?



HA-HA!

HELP! HELP!

STOP!



AS THE LAW INVESTIGATES...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. THESE TRACKS SHOW THAT THE CAR WASN'T EVEN IN MOTION! THEY LOOK AS IF SOME GIANT HAND ACTUALLY PUSHED IT OVER THE CLIFF!

AND I SMELL GUNPOWDER AGAIN! GUNPOWDER WHERE IT SHOULDN'T BE!

OH STOP IT, GAIL! YOU'RE TALKING NONSENSE AGAIN!

MAYBE, TONY! HMMM... MORE GUNPOWDER... AND ANOTHER CRIME WHICH DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! IT ALMOST LOOKS LIKE EVIL FOR THE SAKE OF EVIL ALONE!

OH GOSH... IT COULDN'T BE... IT SOUNDS CRAZY... BUT MAYBE THAT SMELL ISN'T GUNPOWDER, MAYBE... MAYBE IT'S BRIMSTONE!

YOU ARE CRAZY! NEXT THING YOU'LL BE TRYING TO TELL ME IS THAT THE DEVIL HIMSELF COMMITTED BOTH THESE CRIMES! LOOK, I'M FINISHED HERE... BUT LET'S GO DANCING TONIGHT!

OKAY, TONY... PICK ME UP AT MY APARTMENT! GO ON AHEAD... I WANT TO LOOK AROUND HERE AWHILE!

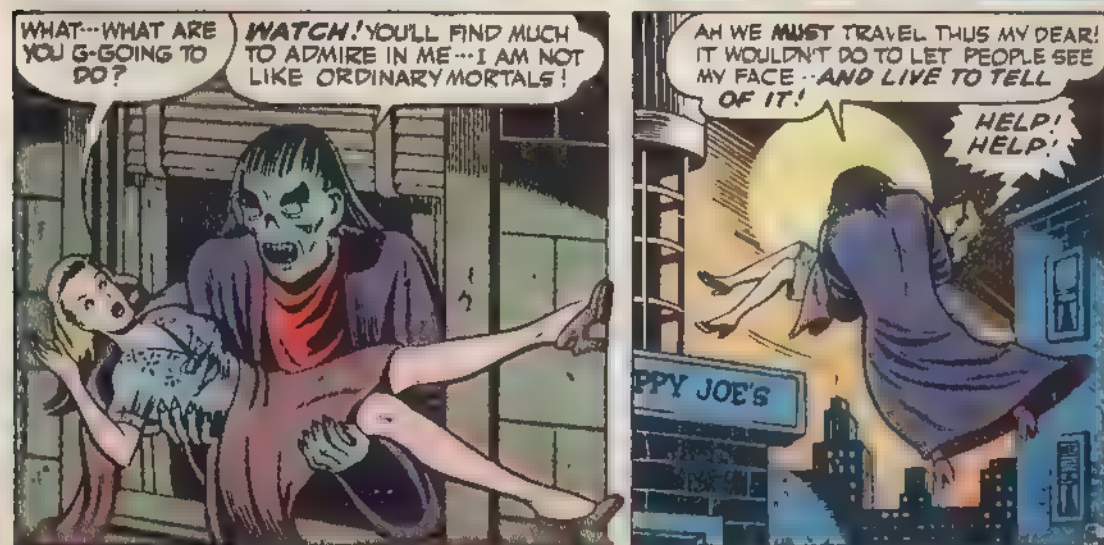
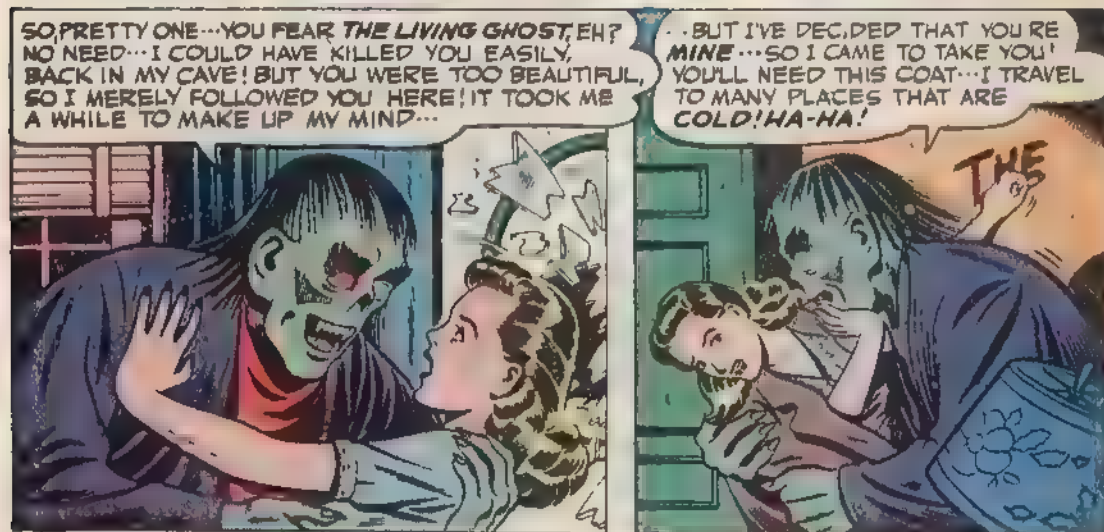
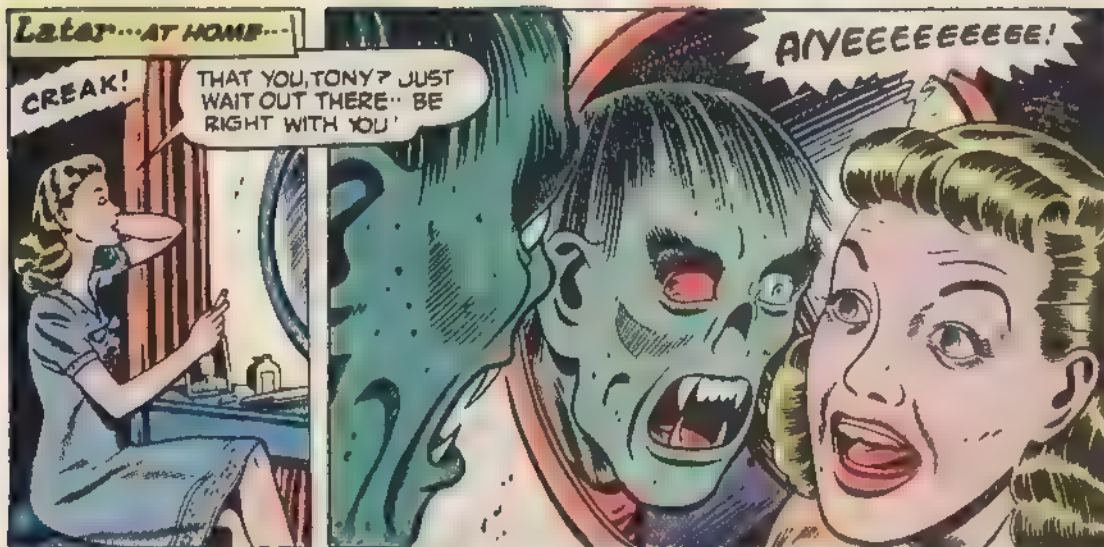
ALONE, GAIL MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

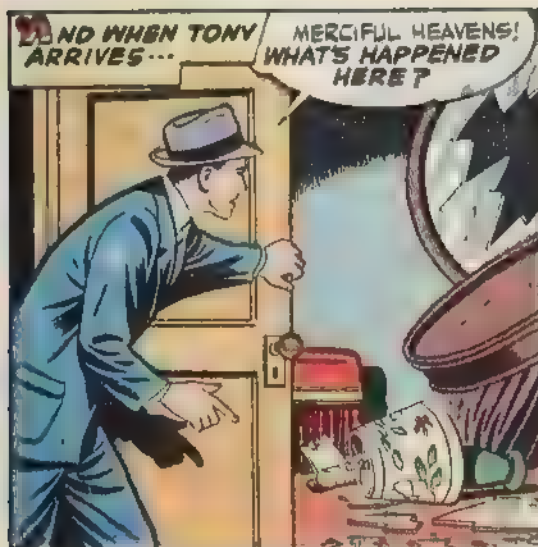
J-JEEPERS AND CREEPERS! IT... IT'S THE MARK OF A CLOVEN HOOF!

GLOVEN HOOVES... THE SMELL OF BRIMSTONE... WHAT IS THIS, READER? GAIL ISN'T SURE BUT SHE'S PLENTY SCARED! AND WHEN A TRAIL OF HOOFPRIINTS LEADS TO A HIDDEN CAVE... STAND BY FOR DANGER!

B-BONES! I WANT CUT... THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME!

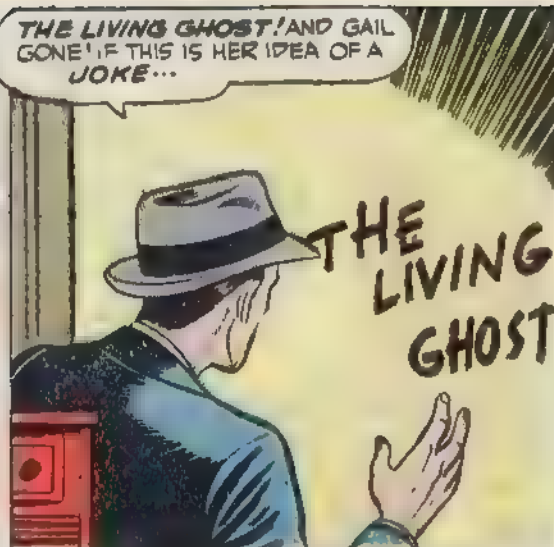
THOSE HOOFMARKS... IT MUST BE JUST SOME ANIMAL... IT'S G-GOT TO BE THAT 'B BUT I'M GOING HOME WHILE THE GOING'S GOOD!





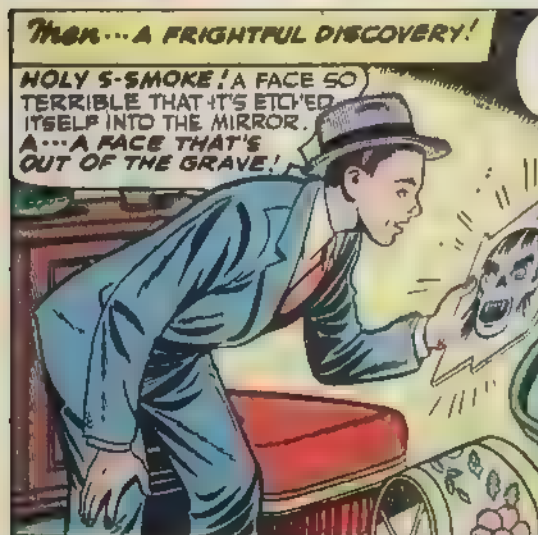
AND WHEN TONY ARRIVES...

MERCIFUL HEAVENS! WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE?



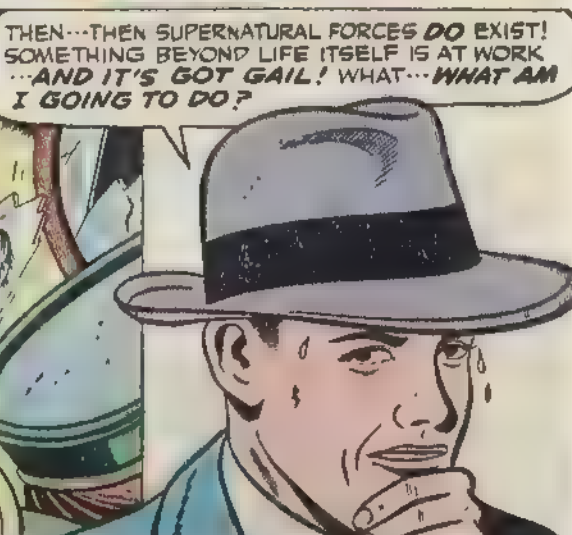
THE LIVING GHOST! AND GAIL GONE! IF THIS IS HER IDEA OF A JOKE...

THE LIVING GHOST

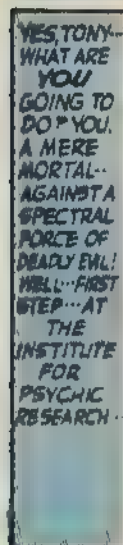


Then... A FRIGHTFUL DISCOVERY!

HOLY S-SMOKE! A FACE SO TERRIBLE THAT IT'S ETCHED ITSELF INTO THE MIRROR. A... A FACE THAT'S OUT OF THE GRAVE!



THEN... THEN SUPERNATURAL FORCES DO EXIST! SOMETHING BEYOND LIFE ITSELF IS AT WORK... AND IT'S GOT GAIL! WHAT... WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?



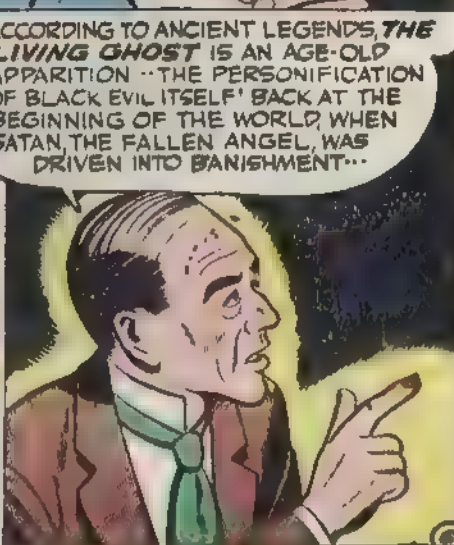
YES, TONY... WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? YOU, A MERE MORTAL... AGAINST A SPECTRAL FORCE OF DEADLY EVIL! WELL... FIRST STEP... AT THE INSTITUTE FOR PSYCHIC RESEARCH.



THIS FACE DR VANDYKE... HAVE YOU EVER SEEN IT? DO THE WORDS LIVING GHOST MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

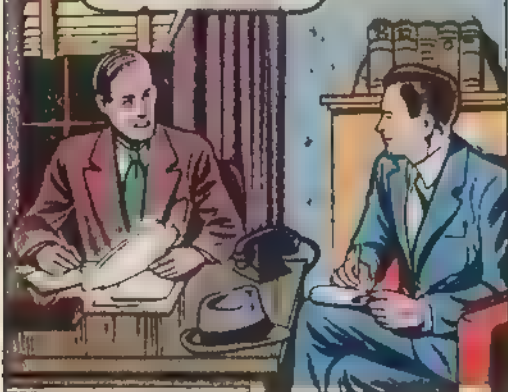


GOOD HEAVENS... YES!



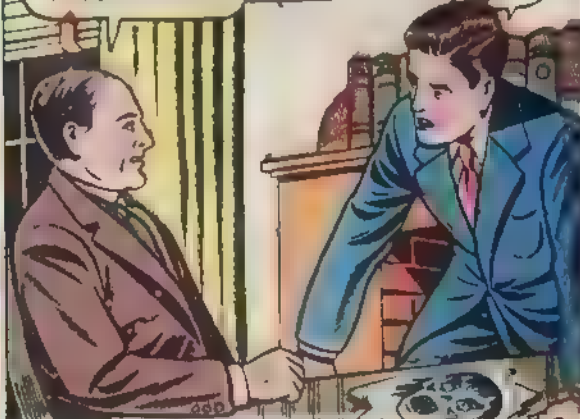
ACCORDING TO ANCIENT LEGENDS, THE LIVING GHOST IS AN AGE-OLD APPARITION... THE PERSONIFICATION OF BLACK EVIL ITSELF! BACK AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD, WHEN SATAN, THE FALLEN ANGEL, WAS DRIVEN INTO BANISHMENT...

...MALEVO, HIS CHIEF LIEUTENANT - BASICALLY EVEN MORE EVIL THAN HIS MASTER - WAS CONDEMNED TO WANDER THE WORLD IN HUMAN SHAPE FOREVER, STRIKING TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF MORTALS! AND MEN KNOW HIM AS... **THE LIVING GHOST!**



IT'S SAID THAT ONCE IN EVERY CENTURY HE WALKS THE WORLD AGAIN, SOWING EVIL MURDER IN HIS WAKE! AND NOW... IT'S COME TO PASS!

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME FIND H.M. DOCTOR! YOU'VE GOT TO!



BRACE YOURSELF, TONY... THERE'S NOTHING THAT CAN BE DONE! HE'S ONLY PART MAN - THE REST IS **GHOST!** AND NO HUMAN CAN COMBAT THE SUPER-NATURAL! BUT TAKE THIS ANCIENT CHURCH RELIC... A PETRIFIED OLIVE BRANCH! ACCORDING TO LEGEND, IT HAS THE POWER TO RENDER A GHOST **MORTAL!** USE IT IF YOU SHOULD EVER CATCH UP WITH HIM!

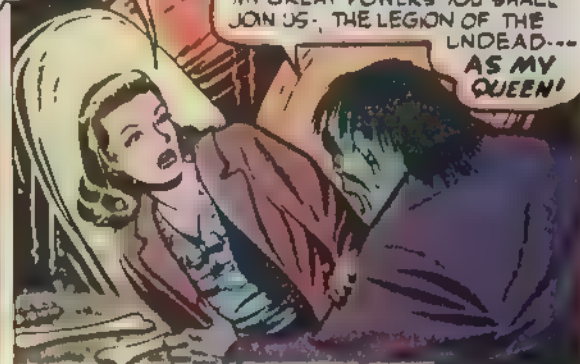


THANKS DOC...

MEANWHILE... WHAT OF GAIL?

PLEASE! WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME HERE?

BECAUSE NEVER, THROUGH THE CENTURIES, HAVE I SEEN BEAUTY LIKE YOURS... NEVER ONE MORE FIT TO SHARE MY GREAT POWERS! YOU SHALL JOIN US - THE LEGION OF THE UNDEAD... **AS MY QUEEN!**



NO! NO! KEEP AWAY, YOU FOUL BEAST!

SO YOU **SCORN** ME! YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND AND GLADLY... **WHEN YOU SEE AN EXAMPLE OF MY POWERS!**



COME, OH DREAD AND EVIL DEAD! TO ME, OH SATAN'S HOST! BRING DOOM AND GLOOM FROM MOLDY TOMBS... **APPROACH THE LIVING GHOST!**



CAN A
 WEIRD
 INCAN-
 TATION
 PIERCE
 THE VEIL
 OF THE
 UNKNOWN
 — BRING
 THE LONG-
 DEAD
 TO THE
 SERVICE
 OF A
 GHOSTLY
 MASTER?

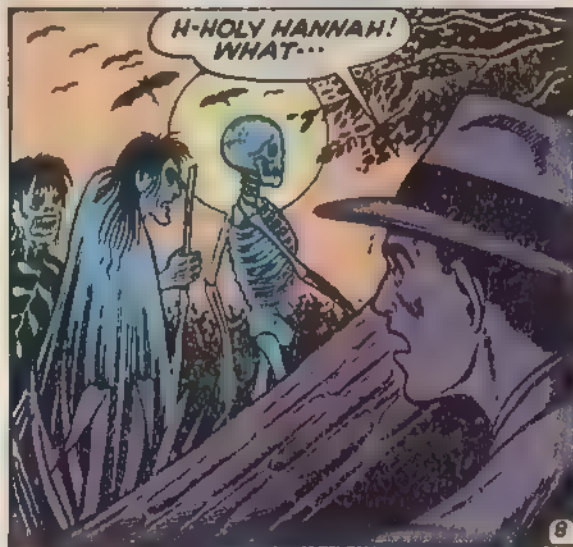
WATCH!



FROM EVERY QUARTER ...THE HOSTS OF AGE-OLD EVIL!



MEANWHILE,
 TONY ISN'T
 GIVING UP!
 DESPERATELY
 HUNTING
 FOR SOME
 SIGN OF
 THE
 LIVING
 GHOSTLY
 TRAIL, HE
 SEARCHES
 THE SCENE
 OF THE
 LAST
 MURDER!
 AND
 SUDDENLY
 HE GEEES...



THEY...THEY'RE SPECTERS...INHUMAN!
AND IF THEY'RE HERE, THE LIVING GHOST
MUST BE NEARBY! I'LL FOLLOW THEM
...BUT I'VE GOT TO KEEP HIDDEN!



I PURSUIT...TO THE CAVE OF
EVIL! PEERING WITHIN...

OH, H-NO! I TELL
ME I'M DREAM-
ING!

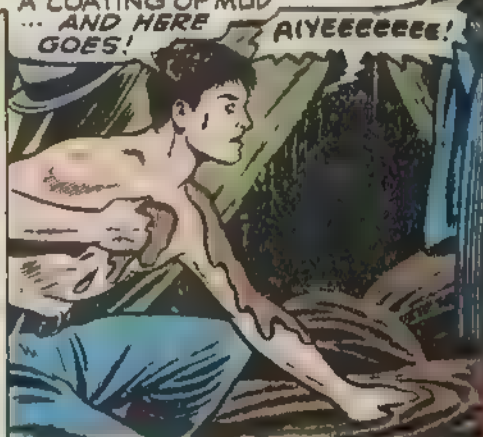


ON, LEGION OF THE CONDEMNED...ON!
NEVER MORE WILL SHE WHO CAN
RULE WITH ME DOUBT MY POWERS!



HELP!
HELP!

THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO AGAINST
THAT UNHOLY MOB...UNLESS I TAKE THIS
LONG CHANCE ON SLIPPING IN UNRECOGNIZED!
A COATING OF MUD
... AND HERE
GOES!



AIYEEEEEE!

THEY'LL THINK I'M ONE OF THEM...I
HOPE! NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET TO
GAIL...MAKE HER UNDERSTAND...



NO! NO!
KEEP
AWAY!

OH-HHH!
PLEASE
DON'T...

SHUT UP, YOU IDIOT! LISTEN...
IT'S ME...TONY! PRETEND TO
PLAY ALONG WITH THE HEAD
GHOUL! TELL HIM YOU'LL DO ANY
THING HE WANTS IF HE'LL GET RID
OF HIS LITTLE PLAY-
MATES!



WITH THE LIGHT OF A WILD HOPE DAWN-
ING IN HER EYES...

PLEASE! I'LL RULE WITH YOU... DO ANY-
THING YOU WANT... IF ONLY YOU'LL
GET RID OF THESE AWFUL
CREATURES!

I THOUGHT YOU'D
SEE THINGS MY
WAY FINALLY!
WATCH!

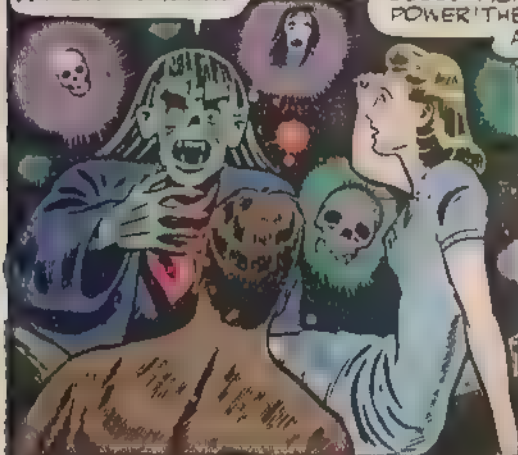
BACK TO SLIME FROM WHENCE
YOU CAME,
BACK TO DEATH, DECAY!
BACK TO FIRE AND TO FLAME...
YOUR MASTER SPEAKS... OBEY!



WHAT! ALL GONE... BUT YOU!
THEN YOU'RE NO SPIRIT... YOU'RE
A MORTAL MAN!

SO I'VE BEEN TRICKED EH? YOU
FOOLS... THINKING THAT YOU
COULD FIGHT A SUPERHUMAN
POWER! THERE'S ONLY ONE
ANSWER... DEATH!

STEADY GAIL... WE'VE GOT
A SLIM CHANCE YET! THE
TALISMAN OR VANDYKE
GAVE ME!



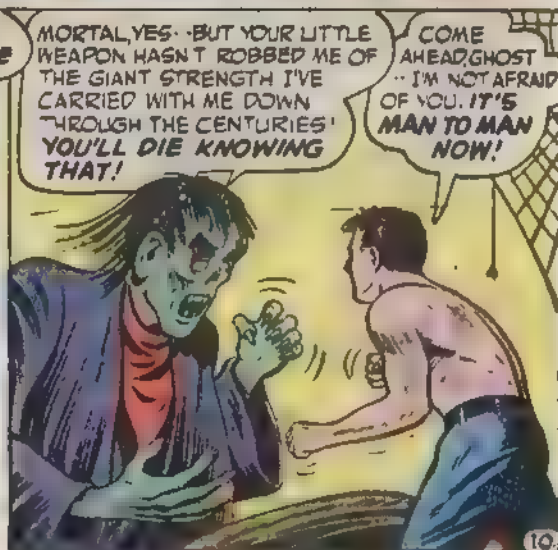
AH-
NNH!

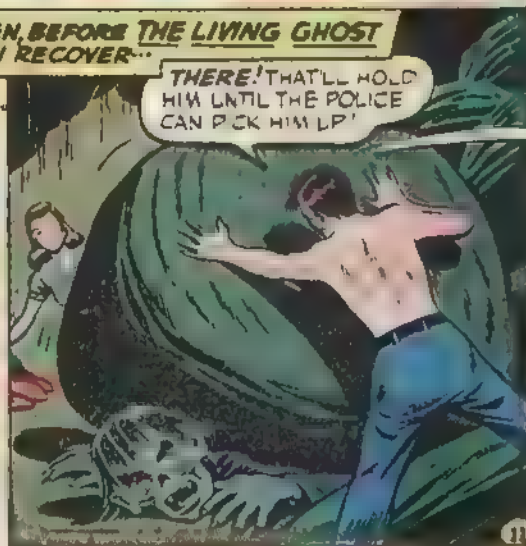
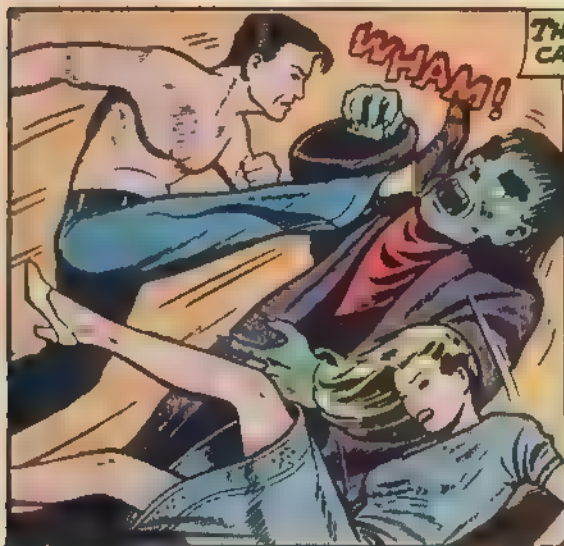
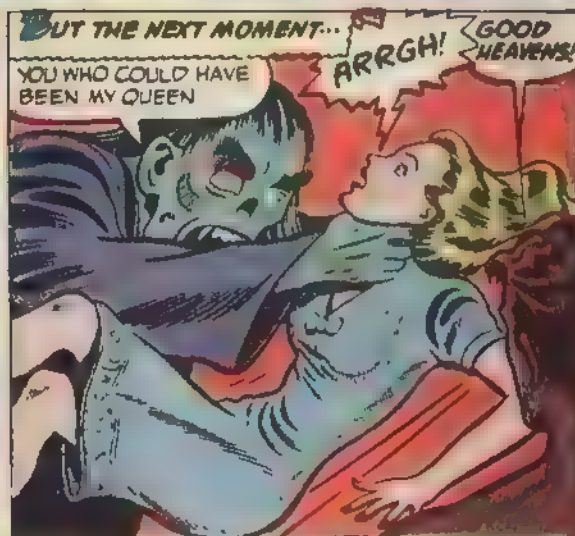
TONY! IT... IT'S
STOPPED HIM!
WHAT?

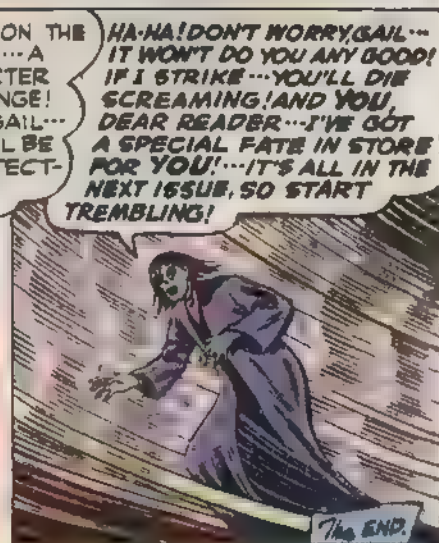
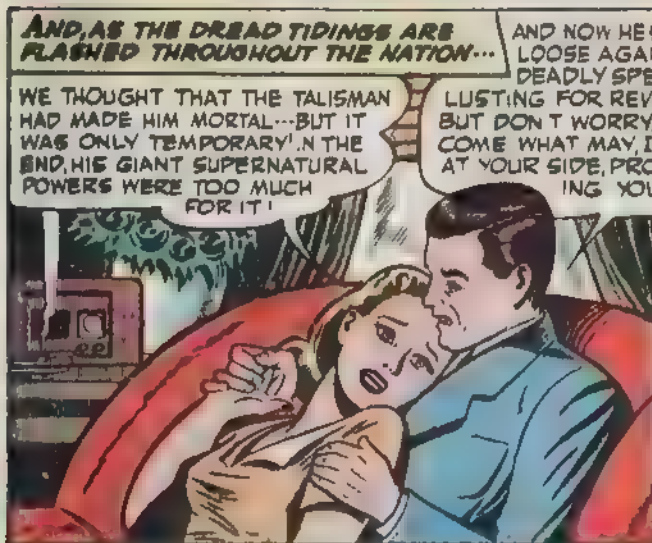
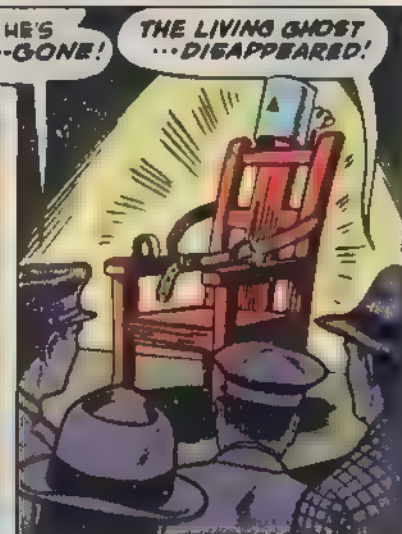
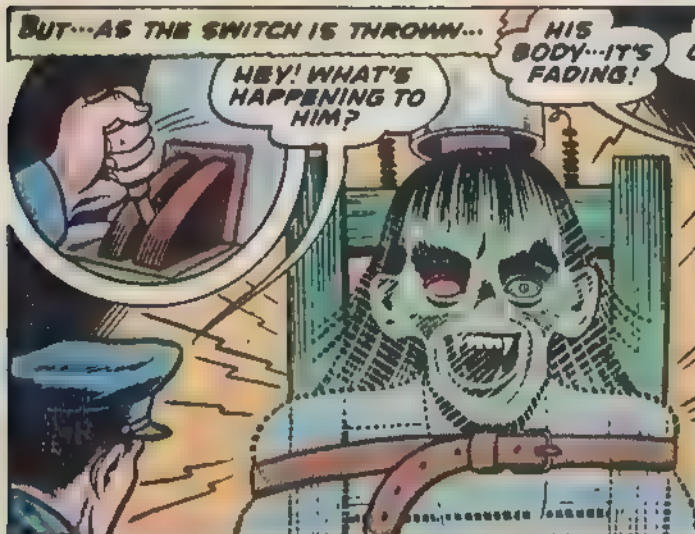
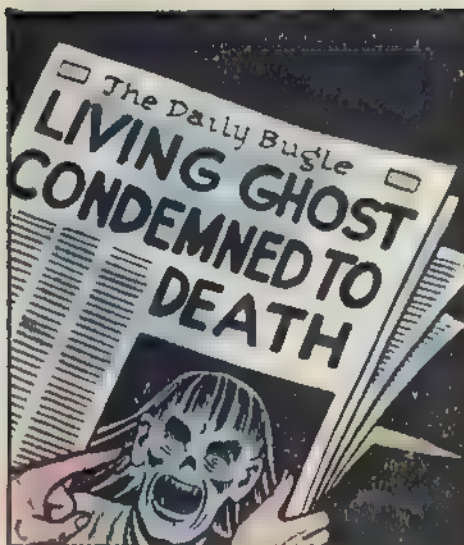
IT'S AN ANCIENT CHURCH
RELIC... AND IT'S MADE
THE LIVING GHOST
MORTAL!

MORTAL, YES... BUT YOUR LITTLE
WEAPON HASN'T ROBBED ME OF
THE GIANT STRENGTH I'VE
CARRIED WITH ME DOWN
THROUGH THE CENTURIES!
YOU'LL DIE KNOWING
THAT!

COME
AHEAD, GHOST...
I'M NOT AFRAID
OF YOU. IT'S
MAN TO MAN
NOW!







Universal Atmosphere
from *Murders in the Rue Morgue* (1932)

Shock THEATRE
PRESENTS
"The Bride Of
Frankenstein"
APRIL 24 th. 11:20 P.M. 



R II  **2 BIG FEATURES**

What SCARFACE meant
to gang pictures
Z WHITE ZOMBIE
means to thrillers!
with **BELA DRACULA/LUGOSI**



On The Same Program
GRAND CANYON OF CRIME!
STREET OF MISSING MEN
ONAS. BICKFORD HARRY CAREY
ALSO! CHAP. 8 "OVERLAND" with KIT CARSON

ALL SEATS 15¢ UNTIL 1.30

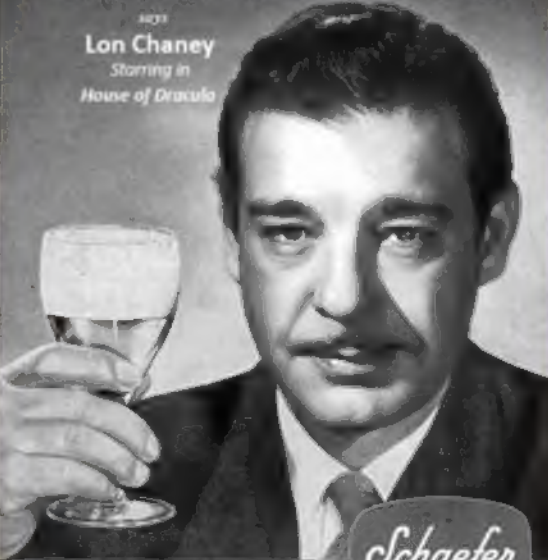
BIG FEATURES
—LAST TIMES TODAY—
RONALD COLMAN in
'UNDER TWO FLAGS'
Also Chester Morris in
"TORNADO"

● **TOMORROW** ●


Calling **WILD BILL ELLIOTT!**
with **WILD BILL ELLIOTT**
Gabby Hayes

**COMPANION
FEATURE**
Mastermind of Crime!
SAX ROHMER'S
Drums of Fu Manchou

"Finest beer I ever tasted!"
AGES
Lon Chaney
Starring in
House of Dracula



Schaefer
AMERICA'S OLDEST LAGER BEER



Write to Shock Creatures!

The magazine that takes you back in time...and let's you live there...with monsters, mavericks and madmen!

Send comments to: eurosin@aol.com

Please place "Shock Creatures" in subject header. We may have a letter section in the next issue, so if you do *not* want your comments to appear in it, please state so.



Carla Laemmle



FRANKENSTEIN *meets* THE WOLF MAN

Boris MASSEY Patric KNOWLES

with
Bela LUGOSI Lionel ATWILL

Maria OUSPENSKAYA

and
Lon CHANEY

IN HIS MOST TERRIFYING ROLE